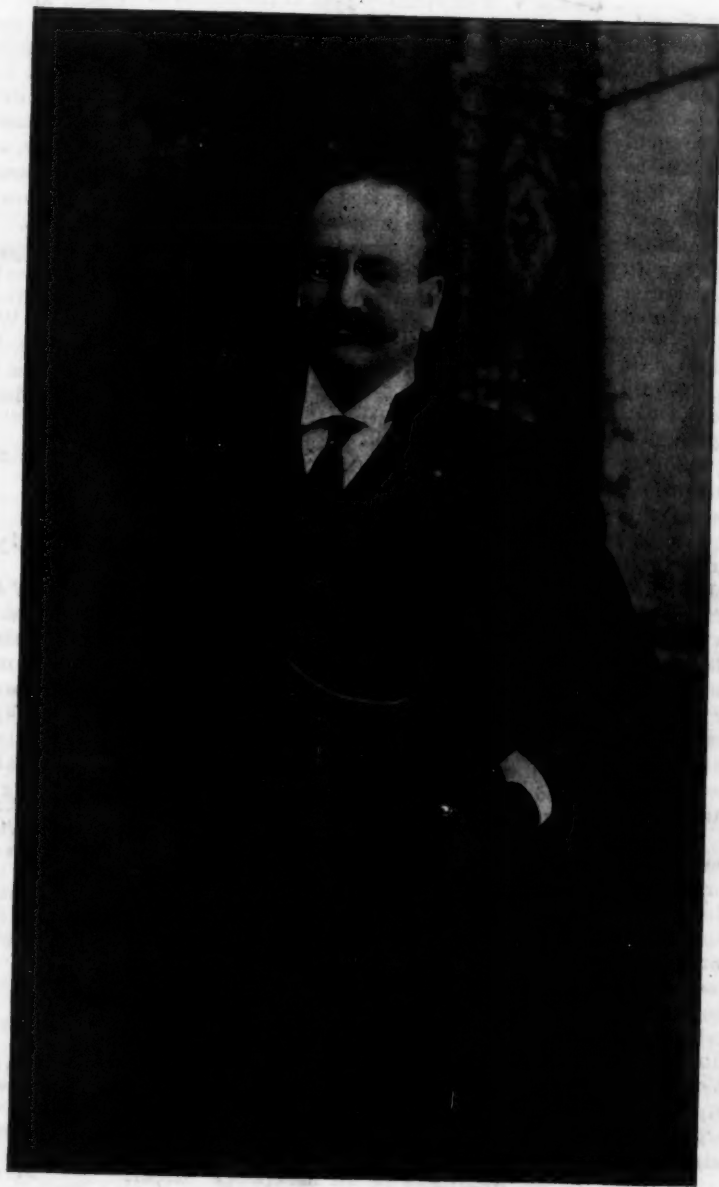


# Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1906



*Yours for the Last*  
*S. H. Hadley*

## The Field Secretary's Corner

THE Field Secretary, right here, wishes to acknowledge the kind assistance of Rev. John Collins, in his canvass of Chestnut Street Church, Portland, an account of which appears in the last HERALD. Although a veteran of seventy five, in the Methodist ministry before many of us were born, Mr. Collins is still in vigorous health, and able to set the pace for many a younger man. One afternoon, he and the writer made thirty calls in widely separated parts of the city. Mr. Collins preaches nearly every Sabbath somewhere, and is enjoyed wherever he appears.

Sunday, July 8, I spent with Elm Street, South Portland, in the morning, First Church, South Portland, in the afternoon, and West End, Portland, in the evening.

Methodism in South Portland dates back to about 1800, when the Methodist people of the Cape were united with the class in Portland under Rev. Joshua Taylor. It is said that the members from this side who attended class there used to walk to and from the city, enlivening the way with good old "Pennyroyal" hymns. The first Methodist preacher was a good colored brother named Samuel Snowden, who labored faithfully and well. The first class in this vicinity was formed in 1803. By this time the doctrines of Methodism had so spread as to arouse the antagonism of the Calvinists, so an effort was made to have the town incorporate them into a society. At the next town meeting this petition was refused, but, nothing daunted, they carried it to the general court, which granted the request. About 1805 the first church was erected at Barron Hill; this was a common frame structure with rude, unpainted walls and preacher's stand, with plain board seats resting on sawed blocks. In 1824 this house was moved to Brown's Hill, "twenty-five yoke of oxen" being employed in hauling it to that place. About this time the charge was connected with Scarborough in a four-weeks' circuit. Of the old colored preacher some amusing things are told. At one time, when preaching in a private house, the temporary seats broke and let the sitters on the floor, when he said: "Dat's like some people's religion—fall right when you want him de most." In 1836 the old house was remodeled, during the pastorate of Rev. James Lewis. During these repairs services were held in the church. One day while preaching was going on a heavy shower came up, and the roof leaked so badly that the preacher paused, and told his congregation that any who had umbrellas might raise them, and immediately a forest of umbrellas went up.

In 1841, during the pastorate of Rev. George D. Strout, an effort was made by certain disaffected ones to divide the church. A paper was circulated in favor of Congregational preaching, but received but little encouragement, so the secession was averted. In 1848 the appointment appears as Brown's Hill for the first time, though still associated with Scarborough and Cape Elizabeth. In 1854 they reported one hundred and two members and fourteen probationers, while the pastor's claim was \$400, the largest ever paid. In 1867 a new church (the present edifice) was built on a lot of land donated by Mr. Samuel Haskell. The cost of the new church was about \$13,000, and the success of the undertaking was largely due to two brothers named Nutter, who so long as they lived continued as generous supporters of the church, one of them, Mr. E. T. Nutter,

afterwards giving them a fine bell. It was thought at that time that the tide of population was setting that way, instead of which it has moved in the other direction, hence the church, which occupies a prominent position on a hill, is much larger than is needed at the present time. In 1899 the name was changed to the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South Portland.

About 1870 the old meeting house, which had been displaced by the new edifice, was finally made into a chapel. It was at first intended to turn it into a dwelling house, but some of the people thought it should be kept for church purposes, and the late Hiram V. Fickett gave a lot at the corner of Elm and Chapel Streets to have it kept for that purpose. A Sunday-school and occasional services were held, and finally, during the pastorate of Rev. F. W. Smith at Brown's Hill and Knightville (1886) he commenced holding a social meeting one evening a week. Out of this arose a desire to have regular services, but it was not until the pastorate of Rev. Walter Canham that a church was formally organized and it became a regular appointment. In this movement, Mr. J. W. Minott, a prominent member of Williston Church, Portland, a resident here, took the leading part, and has been a strong backer of the church ever since.

For several years the little society worshiped in the old chapel, but finally, during the pastorate of Rev. J. H. Roberts, a new church was begun, the corner-stone being laid Oct. 10, 1897, and, after untiring effort on the part of pastor and people, the first religious service was held in the church, a class-meeting, March 7, 1899, the church being still in an unfinished condition. The church was finally dedicated Sunday, July 17, 1901. To the generosity of Mr. J. W. Minott, and the untiring labors of Rev. J. H. Roberts, the success of the undertaking is largely due, although it remained for Rev. H. A. Clifford, who was appointed pastor in 1902, to complete the work, he securing money enough to carry it to completion, save \$500, which was raised at the dedication. Rev. Geo. R. Palmer is now on the third year of his pastorate, serving the two charges, Brown's Hill and Elm St., Pleasantdale.

The evening service was at the West End, Portland, served by Rev. J. R. Laird in connection with Washington Ave., where I preached the Sunday before. Here I found a fair congregation awaiting me, who gave me a good response, and at the close of the service I crept to my room with a fair share of the weariness of an itinerant's career. West End is the home church of Rev. C. C. Garland of New Hampshire Conference, whose parents I had the pleasure of meeting at the close of the service.

The history of West End Church, Portland, is exceedingly meagre. The only data I could find show the following facts: In 1875, Rev. John Gibson, stationed at Woodfords, began revival services in West Portland as a missionary venture. A class had been formed some years before, but a union with the Congregationalists had not proved favorable to Methodist growth. Success attended his efforts, and about thirty converts formed a nucleus for a church organization. Accordingly, in 1876, Rev. J. A. Strout was appointed by Bishop Haven to Woodfords and West Portland. He organized and marshalled the little host. Harmon's Hall was hired for church services and the new enterprise was successfully launched. Rev. E. W.

Hutchinson was pastor from 1877 to 1880, but deaths and divisions prevented growth. Weakened by these things, the charge was connected with Knightville in 1880, continuing thus for several years. Under the pastorate of Rev. John Gibson, in 1883, "John Brown's Sons" of Portland offered the society a lot of ground in Deering (not far above West Portland) upon which to erect an edifice. The offer was declined, however, and, a few months later, the lot on which the present edifice stands was purchased for \$400. In 1884 the society was under the direction of the pastor at Pine Street.

In 1890 Rev. David Pratt made heroic efforts to have a church erected. Jan. 29, 1891, the people worshiped in the vestry of the building, and the building was completed and dedicated later in the year, Rev. Dr. L. B. Bates, of Boston, Mass., preaching the dedicatory sermon. Rev. Henry E. Dunnack served the church from 1897 to 1900. Under his ministry the church membership increased from fifty-seven to seventy-four, and probationers from seven to twenty-three. Many improvements to the church property were made during this pastorate. The present pastor, Rev. J. R. Laird, came here from Alfred, having previously served in the Christian denomination at Kittery, Me. He has charge of our work at Washington Ave. as well, and is doing good service in both charges. A poem from his pen was recently published in our columns.

F. H. MORGAN.

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

### Rudyard Kipling's Poem

RUDYARD KIPLING'S stirring appeal to the English Government to prevent the carrying through of the proposed reforms in the Transvaal has aroused great interest in England. The poem of six stanzas depicts the colonists as being sold shamefully and jugglingly into bondage, and appeals to Great Britain to prevent it. Following is a sample of the poem:

"Back to the ancient bitterness  
Ye ended once for all;  
Back to oppression none may guess,  
Who have not borne its thrall.  
Back to the slough of their despond,  
Helots anew held fast  
By England's seal upon the bond,  
As helots to the last."

Another stanza reads:

"Now, even now, before men learn  
How near we broke our trust;  
Now, even now, ere we return  
Dominion to the dust;  
Now, ere the gates of mercy close  
Forever 'gainst the line  
That sells its sons to serve its foes,  
Will England make no sign?"

### Attractive Vacation Resort

Rev. C. L. Banghart, of North Conway, N. H., writes: "Many of our preachers told us in a recent number of the HERALD 'How' to spend a vacation, but did not say *where*. A more ideal spot in which to spend a few days or weeks cannot be found than at North Conway, N. H. The natural attractions of the glorious mountains, beautiful drives and walks, the rivers and waterfalls, pure air and water, all combine to make this one of the most enjoyable places. The boarding houses, private cottages and hotels are being rapidly filled. There are seven trains a day from Boston and New York, and frequent trains from Portland. During my pastorate here I have frequently received letters of inquiry from strangers concerning hotels, rates, etc. I shall be glad to serve any on this line."



# Zion's Herald

Volume LXXXIV

Boston, Wednesday, August 1, 1906

Number 31

## ZION'S HERALD

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Price, \$2.50 a year, including postage

36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

### Race Suicide in Massachusetts

THE latest bulletin of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, which deals with comparative maternity, shows that while neither native born nor foreign-born mothers have as many children as had their respective parents, the native born mother averages well with the foreign-born as respects the number of children. Considering only married women, widows, and divorced women at points taken in the seven counties of Barnstable, Berkshire, Bristol, Dukes, Essex, Franklin and Hampden, namely, in Pittsfield, Fall River, Beverly, Holyoke, Provincetown, Edgartown, and Greenfield, the total number of mothers is 46,022. Of these, 19,478 who were native-born had borne 53,954 children, and the 26,544 foreign born mothers had borne 128,208 children. The official statistics show that while the native-born mothers have 2.77 children and the foreign born 4.83, on the average the deaths occurring in the families of the latter are comparatively very large, amounting to 1.61 children per woman, as contrasted with .70 per woman of the native-born. Inasmuch as the average age at marriage of the native-born mother is nearly .7 year later than that of the foreign born, the discrepancy against the native-born mother does not seem to be very large. The native-born mothers, however, have only 42.81 per cent. as many children as had their mothers, while the foreign-born mothers have 62.32 per cent. as many children as their own mothers had. These figures seem to point on the whole to a slow race suicide.

### Vaccine as a Preventive of Cholera

GRAND interest has been aroused among medical officers of the Army over a report cabled from Manila that a test made of the Government vaccine since the outbreak of cholera shows that it acts as an absolute preventive of the disease. The view is gaining credence that quarantine is practically a failure in stopping the ravages of cholera, and that a rigid enforcement of sanitation is much more effective. The average

mortality from cholera is fifty per cent., and when an epidemic strikes a locality the early cases are the more severe and present the largest number of fatalities. In past centuries, when the cholera made such frightful ravages, its spread was due principally to the pilgrimages which hordes of dirty fanatics made to Mecca and other shrines. There they lived with entire disregard of sanitary precautions, and then went home carrying the infection with them to thousands who had not been at the seat of contagion. The employment of vaccination as a preventive of cholera at Manila will be watched with close attention by medical experts. In 1885, Ferran experimented with prophylactic inoculation, using hypodermic injections of laboratory cultures from cholera victims, but the results were unsatisfactory. In 1893, Haffkine experimented on animals of the lower grade, using pure virus of fixed and known strength. When India was suffering from the plague in 1895, this virus was employed in 70,000 injections applied to 43,179 individuals, with no bad results. The march of medical science since then has been so steady that it is not surprising to be informed that, of the many natives in the infected districts in the Philippines who have been treated with the vaccine virus, none have developed cholera symptoms, and that the insular health bureau has in consequence offered free vaccination. The arrival of detailed official reports from the Philippines is awaited with great interest, as these will form the basis of a careful review which will be prepared under the direction of the Surgeon-General.

### Plagues of Progress

THE inventions and accessories of modern life are placing a greater and greater strain on the faculties of the individual. No modern mechanical device, according to the *Lancet*, is wholly free from objectionable features. Most of them offend against the nerves and tastes of those persons who desire to lead a simple life. The eyes of the modern man are strained by glaring artificial lights, his ears are worried by the unnecessary din of the streets, and his nose is offended by the vaporization of offensive fumes of oil, or by the fetid air of the "subways" and "tubes." The human machine, however, is wonderful in its power of adaptation to new environments and conditions, and it may confidently be hoped that in time to come the distresses and annoyances inflicted upon a suffering public by a superabundant inventive activity may be gradually removed, partly by adaptation, and partly by further improvements resulting in mitigation of the evils referred to, which are incident to an

improving but not yet perfected civilization. On no account, however, should a modern invention be tolerated, at any rate in its present shape, no matter how convenient in many respects it may be, unless it satisfies hygienic requirements.

### Postal Bank in the Philippines

A NEW financial departure has been made by the Philippine Commission, which it is hoped will assist the development of habits of thrift and self-respect among the Filipinos, in the form of a Government postal savings bank, lately established, wherein deposits in the form of stamps and currency may be made. The deposits will bear interest at the rate of 2½ per cent., besides sharing in any profits made by the bank in excess of such 2½ per cent., and of a reserve fund equal to 5 per cent. on all deposits. No individual or firm will be permitted to draw interest on a deposit in excess of \$500. In the case of charitable institutions, however, this amount is doubled. To facilitate the use of the postal savings bank the agencies provided will be divided into three classes, the first being authorized to receive deposits and pay withdrawals in any amount, and in stamps or currency. The second class may receive deposits and pay withdrawals in stamps or currency up to a limited amount, and the third class may receive deposits in stamps only, and will pay no withdrawals. Deposit stamps in the denominations of five, ten, and twenty centavos (2½, 5, and 10 cents) will be on sale at all agencies. Deposit books will be issued without charge, and cards, to which may be attached the deposit stamps, will be furnished, so that the depositor may fill a card with stamps as he can, and then deposit the entire card to his credit. If, under these incitements to save, the Filipinos do not become thrifty, they will gain a deserved reputation for confirmed wastefulness.

### Wood-Eaters in California Waters

MUCH difficulty is being experienced on the Pacific Coast through the quick destruction of wooden piles by marine borers, teredos and limnoria. It has been found that in the vicinity of Puget Sound a stick of rough-sawn timber will last about eight months. A pile will last a year, a pile with bark on will last a year and a half, and a creosoted pile may last from fifteen months to fifteen years. An unusual phase of the situation is that two piles treated in the same manner and driven under the same conditions will be affected differently by the teredos and limnoria. As far as visible effects are concerned a creosoted pile cannot be distinguished, when it has been

attacked by the borers, from an unimpregnated wood-pile, except by minute examination. In some cases wharfs have been so badly eaten by teredo and limnoria that none of the piles have been left standing, while in one case at least a wharf has been abandoned. Engineers are accordingly considering the feasibility of substituting for wooden timbers concrete piles, using re-enforced concrete for foundation work.

#### Growth of Building Associations

REPORTS presented at the annual convention of the United States League of Local Building and Loan Associations, held last week in Cincinnati, showed that there are now 5,264 such Associations connected with the League, of which 1,257 are in Pennsylvania — nearly twice as many as are in any other State. In Philadelphia, where the system was first fully established and has had its highest development, there are about 600 Associations. The reported "assets" of the Associations of the League amount to \$629,344 257, of which Pennsylvania holds nearly \$128,000,000. The total is about five per cent. more than the corresponding figures of last year. The continued prosperity of the Loan Associations is particularly interesting in view of the recent invasion of their field by many incorporated trust companies, whose system of instalment mortgages affords much the same kind of aid to home-buyers. The great strength of the Building Associations lies in their co-operative character. The best managed corporation has expenses to meet and a profit to make, whereas the expenses of the Building Associations are very small, and all the gains are divided among the members, who are both borrowers and lenders. The extraordinarily large proportion of Philadelphia families, for example, that own their own dwellings is chiefly due to this co-operative system, and to the prudence and uprightness with which it has been administered. The Building and Loan Associations are essentially neighborhood enterprises, and, when run on correct business principles, are apt to enlist local sentiment in their steady support.

#### Electric Engine Tested

SATISFACTORY experimental runs were recently made in the neighborhood of Highbridge by the New York Central Railroad with one of the new electric locomotives which will be installed for local service in about three months. No effort was made to run the huge locomotive at its full speed, which is sixty miles an hour while drawing a train of fifteen cars, but the results obtained proved to the entire satisfaction of the railroad officials not only the availability of the new motive motor, but also its advantage over the steam locomotives. The electric locomotives of this class, which have been built with a new type of gearless, direct current, bi-polar motor, weigh 85 tons each, of which 67 tons are borne on four pairs of drivers. The engine does not require turning, but may be operated from either end. The whole superstructure of the engines is of sheet steel with angle iron framing, and the doors and windows of the cab are fire

proof. The driving power is furnished by four 600 volt direct current gearless motors of 550 horsepower each. The normal rating of each of the machines is 2,200 horsepower, with a maximum rating of about 2,800 horsepower, which is about half again as powerful as the largest steam locomotive in use on the New York Central. Twenty of the thirty engines ordered by the company have been completed, and in a few months will be running through the Park Avenue tunnel, eliminating all smoke, noise and soot.

#### Meat Rules Promulgated

SECRETARY WILSON promulgated last week, in a thirty-two page pamphlet, a series of stringent regulations governing the inspection of meat by the Department of Agriculture, which, however, do not cover microscopic inspection of pork or the transportation of meat in interstate or foreign trade. Under the new law the Secretary of Agriculture will deny Federal inspection to any packer or slaughterer who refuses to permit all unhealthful and rejected meat to be "tanked." The regulations provide that the scope of the inspection shall cover all slaughtering, packing, meat canning, salting, rendering, or similar establishments whose products in whole or in part enter into interstate or foreign commerce, unless, as in the case of retail butchers, they are expressly exempted by the secretary. The sanitary regulations require the establishments in which meats are prepared to be suitably lighted and ventilated. All parts of the buildings must be whitewashed or painted, and old floors replaced by suitable materials. All trucks, trays, chutes, tables and tools must be thoroughly cleaned daily. Operatives will be obliged to wear outer clothing of a material that is easily cleansed and made sanitary, and no tuberculous employees will be allowed to work in the establishments. The use of dyes or chemicals is prohibited. Common salt, sugar, wood smoke, vinegar, pure spices, and possibly, pending further inquiry, saltpetre, will be the only preservatives permitted to be used. No meat food products shall be sold by any person or firm under any false or deceptive name. Special provision is made for the destruction of all condemned meat. Regulations covering interstate transportation of meats and providing for the microscopic examination of pork may be issued later. These regulations, when further amended, should, if strictly and universally enforced, insure thoroughly sanitary and healthful meat foods to all consumers, both in this country and abroad.

#### Decrease in Meat Exports

ACCORDING to a statement just issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor, which gives completed figures of the exports of American canned goods for the past fiscal year, the value of such goods exported in June, 1906, was \$461,100 against \$797,127 in June, 1905, and in the fiscal year 1906 it amounted to \$9,233,410 against \$9,577,045 in 1905. The figures for the fiscal year 1906 include canned beef to the value of \$6,430,447, canned pork valued at \$1,215,857, and

other canned meats to the value of \$1,587,107. The quantity of canned beef exported in the fiscal year 1906 was 64,523,359 pounds, as against 66,688,568 pounds in 1905. The reduction in exports occurred almost exclusively in the shipments to Japan, that country having greatly reduced her importations of canned beef on the disbandment of her army on the conclusion of the late war in the Far East. The greatest buyer of canned beef was the United Kingdom, exports to that country of that article increasing 4,578,185 pounds for the fiscal year under review. Of the exports of canned pork during that period the United Kingdom took 9,433,143 pounds, and Belgium 969,972 pounds.

#### Disposition of the Beit Millions

THE will of the late Alfred Beit of London, who was perhaps the richest man in the world, provides for public bequests totaling nearly ten millions of dollars. The largest bequest made comprises \$6,000,000 to endow the "Cape to Cairo" railway and telegraph scheme, which is given, as the will states, in the belief that "by the promotion, construction and furtherance generally of railways and telegraphs, including wireless telegraphy, telephones, or other methods of transmission of persons, goods, and messages, civilization will be best advanced and expedited in Africa for the benefit of the inhabitants of that country, whether native or emigrant." The funds so given are to be applied for the purposes stated in South and North Rhodesia, Portuguese Africa, both east and west, German East Africa, and such other parts of Africa as may be traversed in establishing the "Cape to Cairo Railway." This great gift shows Mr. Beit's deep interest in the life-work of Cecil Rhodes. The two men were colleagues in the combination and development of the South African gold and diamond mines from which Mr. Beit drew his enormous wealth. The sum of \$1,000,000 is left to the University of Johannesburg; a like sum is given for educational or charitable purposes in the territories within the field of the British South Africa Company; \$100,000 is to be spent for similar objects in the Transvaal; and smaller sums are bequeathed for various benevolent purposes. Mr. Beit was born near Hamburg, and was a naturalized British subject.

#### Pan-American Conference in Session

THE Third International American Conference began its session last week at Rio de Janeiro, under favorable auspices, and its members are now earnestly at work considering the momentous problems set down on the carefully prepared program for discussion. The Conferences of 1889 and of 1901-1902 were not unfruitful of results. The first provided for the survey for the railways which are to link all the countries of the hemisphere, and originated the Bureau of American Republics, and the latter witnessed the adhesion of all the hitherto unparticipating Latin American republics to the principles of the Hague Convention, and the adoption of other measures to solidify and unify the interests and relations of the American countries. At Rio the



development of commercial intercourse between the two Americas will be the vital topic, although the so-called Drago doctrine is also receiving consideration. The Conference is rendered noteworthy by the presence at it, though not as a delegate, of Secretary Root, who is a kind of foreign minister *pro tem.*, and who has been received with great honor. Mr. Root's primary mission is to show the weaker nations of this continent that the United States has no other ambition with respect to them than to see them prosperous and contented, and to cultivate mutually helpful relations with its neighbors to the south. The meeting of the Rio Conference should assist the cause of peace, and its work has a distinct bearing on the assembling of the Peace Conference at The Hague in June, 1907. Its suggestions will command the close attention of the Governments interested, though it is an unofficial body, for its members are well-known publicists whose matured views are worthy of serious consideration. On his arrival at Rio, Secretary Root was welcomed by General Rio Branco, who spoke of the advantages of a Pan-American alliance. A large procession then escorted Mr. Root through the streets, and the historical Abrantes Palace was given over to his use. Later, Mr. Root attended a brilliant reception at the palace of the President of the Republic, which was marked by manifestations of most friendly feeling toward the United States.

#### Disunion in Russia

IN the absence of a leader of commanding personality in Russia, the revolution lacks head and momentum, and diverse counsels distract the popular mind, paralyzing the action of large classes among the people, and rendering ineffective the aggressive radicalism of others. No unifying force apparently is yet at work amid the Russian chaos, and this distraction has given M. Stolypin and his cabinet a chance to pose before the Russian people as the real sponsors for liberty and the only constructive statesmen on the field of action. It is declared that the Czar still believes in the principle of popular representation, and firmly intends to adhere to it, but that he became convinced that the late Parliament was elected under abnormal conditions and did not represent the true sentiment of the country, and that, therefore, it was necessary to make another appeal to the nation. The dissolution of the Douma, it is claimed, was constitutional. Count Heyden and the other two members of the Viborg Douma who did not sign the revolutionary manifesto, defend that act of the Czar, and favor the ordering of a new election to test the sentiment of the country as to the differences between the Government and the Assembly. It would be criminal madness, they hold, to resist the Czar's decree. It is urged that the people remain calm. The conditions are not yet ripe for a general strike. It is clear that the Constitutional Democrats have issued from the crisis discredited. The tranquillity of the capital has not been disturbed, but the quietness of Russia is believed to be all on the surface. While the bureaucratic ideal of external calm seems to have been measurably

attained, this strange stillness is perhaps more portentous than many revolutionary processions. The printing of the alleged "criminal" proclamations of the former deputies is strictly prohibited, but nevertheless the manifesto is being gradually distributed throughout the empire. The Douma deputies have not been held in custody, but are allowed to consult together at pleasure. They are unable, however, to agree on a united program for immediate action. The Moderates refuse to enter the new Russian Ministry.

#### FACTS WORTH NOTING

— A cablegram of July 31 states that the Education Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 192.

— The Pacific express, on the New York Central Railroad, running at high speed, plunged, on July 29, into a landslide, killing two engineers and injuring several others. The railroad tracks of the country are not sufficiently protected against dangers from landslides, shelving banks and rolling stones.

— The health officers of London have formulated proposals dealing with canned goods. The most important clauses provide that the name and address of the manufacturer and the date of canning be impressed on all tins, and that one per cent. of each consignment shall be opened on importation. The use of preservatives is strictly prohibited.

— That all is not yet quiet in the Philippines is shown by the fact that last week a band of nearly 400 Pulajanos attacked a punitive column of constabulary and regulars commanded by Capt. George H. McMaster, of the 24th Infantry, near Baneun. The engagement resulted in the repulse of the natives with a loss of 150, of whom 50 were killed. The regulars were negro troops, and did their duty as faithfully as white troops could have performed it.

— Dr. Samuel J. Ottinger and Dr. T. C. Fulton made a balloon ascension from Philadelphia last week to experiment on each other. Both were provided with surgical instruments, chemicals, and microscopes. They studied the effects of rarified atmosphere upon blood corpuscles, and also the effects of certain elements upon the corpuscles at certain altitudes. They hope to make discoveries facilitating the treatment of blood and pulmonary diseases.

— Judge Landis of the U. S. District Court, on July 27, decided that John W. Alexander Dowle does not own Zion City and its industries. He refused to appoint Alexander Granger as receiver, and ordered an election for a general overseer. Later John C. Hatley was appointed receiver of Zion. The adjudication in the bankruptcy proceedings against Dowle was set aside.

— On account of the indignation which has been caused by the announcement of services of thanksgiving in various cities of Russia for the dissolution of the Douma, the Holy Synod has issued an encyclical directing that the reading of the Emperor's manifesto in the churches shall not be accompanied by such services. The ukase of dissolution has been ordered to be read before the troops of all the garrisons.

— The U. S. Geological Survey, in a bulletin on the production of zinc and zinc oxide in this country in 1905, states that the total output of zinc was 203,849 short tons — an increase of 17,147 tons over 1904. Since

1897 the production of zinc has more than doubled, the principal increase being in the Eastern and Southern States. The production of zinc oxide is estimated at 130,806,000 pounds as compared with 119,226,262 pounds in 1904.

— As the outcome of a law passed last March by the Diet, the purchase is announced, by Japan, of six private railroads, at a cost of \$125,000,000. For the amount needed the Governor will allow interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, beginning with the date of sale. The Government will not issue bonds until a favorable opportunity for so doing presents itself.

— President Fallieres accorded Major Dreyfus, as he is now called, a cordial reception at the Elyées Palace on July 25, which is regarded as a marked compliment to the reinstated officer. The effect was marred, however, by a public insult offered to Major Dreyfus in the Cercle Militaire, one of the most exclusive clubs in Paris, when he was slapped on the face by an officer, an act which instantly precipitated almost a riot in the clubrooms, between two groups made up of the opposers of Dreyfus and sympathizers with him.

— Japan has taken further action, by the use of troops, to force Korea into subjection as a protectorate of Japan, in accordance with the treaty said to have been secured under compulsion last November. Japanese soldiers have been placed in charge of the Korean palace, and the entry of other persons than those permitted by the Japanese resident, Marquis Ito, is forbidden. It is highly probable that the Emperor of Korea would be at once deposed if he did not submit to the demands of Japan.

— A general meeting of the members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers was held, July 25, in London, under the presidency of Robert W. Hunt, of Chicago, many members of the British Iron and Steel Institute being present. A paper was read by A. Ladd Colby, of New York, on the "Comparison of American and European Rail Specifications," in the course of which he pointed out that as America is now selling steel rails to foreigners, and Europeans are selling to America, it is desirable to agree on an international standard by which the quality of rails can be established.

— The meeting of the Seabury Conference, recently held under Episcopal auspices on the grounds of Smith College, Northampton, proved an interesting and inspiring gathering. A special feature of the Conference this year was the consideration of the work of Episcopal extension in the suburbs of cities. During the last few years business men, acting as lay readers, and giving their services free, have carried on meetings in the suburbs of a number of big cities. Among the other topics discussed were the themes: "The Boy and the Church," the "Church and the Settlement," the "Church and the Man who Works with his Hands," and "Honesty, Public and Private, Old-fashioned and New."

— The First Brigade of the Pennsylvania National Guard last week fought the battle of Gettysburg over again, charging down upon the shades of Confederate dead who fell at Devil's Den and the Peach Orchard, and sending imaginary volley after volley across the hills and dales where the blood of their fathers ran in 1863. The Third Brigade fought a sham battle along Seminary Ridge, around the spot where General Reynolds fell, which was witnessed by many visitors.

## DARK-LANTERN CHRISTIANS

IT is the duty of Christian believers to let their light shine. As a matter of fact, too many believers are like dark lanterns — there is never any telling when their light will be screened, and when it will shine startlingly forth. Sins, even little sins, put the hood over the lights that should burn brightly in the hearts of believers. In our Lord's time there were some who tried to hide their light under a bushel measure. That trick is still practiced by people who temporarily mislay their principles and withhold their testimony to the truth of Christ's religion. But dark-lantern religion will not do. God demands that the light in men be not darkness, but be steady, sure and radiant, warning others off the shoals of life and beckoning them to safe and happy harbors.

## MEANING OF UNREST

IN our religious life each one of us must reckon with the problem of unrest and dissatisfaction. We may read as widely as we will in the literature of resignation, and seek never so strenuously to compel ourselves to accept the philosophy of the untroubled life; but more or less with every one unrest becomes a permanent factor in the problem of the Christian life. Just what is its meaning?

From one point of view unrest is simply a symptom of the movement of the spirit. Without it we may be pretty well assured that there is no growth or progress. Contentment with our present lot and place is foolish and futile. An ideal is forever luring us out of our old place and speeding us forward into the untried way, and unrest is the ceaseless accompaniment of this process. Viewed, therefore, as a symptom, unrest is something to be desired and a good for which to be glad. We overlook this view very often in the analysis of our spiritual life. We say: "Why restless, why cast down, my soul?" and imply if we do not implicitly convey censure in our question. If we would answer the question truly, we would learn in the majority of cases that the real reason for the unrest is the activity of the deeper yearning and the push of the higher ideal. The answer to the question would convey no censure. We are restless because we are growing into the larger stature and the more complete life.

It is when unrest becomes a disease instead of a symptom that we have need to fear and deal sternly with the tendency. There is a genuine disease of fretfulness and complaint. The healthy answer of the spirit's powers to the inspiration of the ideal is felt no longer. The forward movement is checked and the spirit returns upon itself with fretful complainings. This is the disease of unrest. This is the baneful state of the worried, fretful soul. There is only one cure for the disease. It may be discovered in the teaching of Jesus through whatever form that teaching is conveyed to the willing mind. The belief in God and the belief in Him, so strong and resolute that it lets the spirit out from its fretfulness to rest serenely in the eternal goodness, is the one sure remedy for the unrest of the soul. The proffer of this cure lies behind many of the new

religious cults, and gives them their warrant. Many times it has been said, in effect, that the human spirit needs to venture far enough to trust itself implicitly to God. It is true. The cure for the soul's restlessness and complaint lies in simple trust in God, where it has always lain, and where Jesus placed it in His words to the Twelve in the upper room.

## AWAKENING OF CHINA

THE awakening of China, if not an accomplished fact, is a fact which is rapidly accomplishing itself, and, despite the fevered dreams which not unnaturally beset the minds of Orientals who are at last rubbing their eyes after a Rip Van Winkle sleep of years, augurs well for the millions of China, if not for the Western world. There can be no doubt that China is now entering upon a new era — one which is full of great possibilities and at the same time of great dangers. The prophecy of Sir Robert Hart, delivered some years ago, that when China did begin to move she would go too fast, seems literally being fulfilled. The incentive to progress — for it is no longer ridiculous to use that term in relation to China — appears to have come from Japan, or from the issue of the war of Japan with Russia, although the gradually extending intercourse with foreign nations which the Chinese have enjoyed of late years has served as a preparation for new moves, social and political, without which Japan might have called in vain to her older sister to come out of her seclusion.

It is the prerogative of a prophet — even of an able and expert prophet — to revise his prophecies when they become out of date. Dr. Arthur H. Smith is perhaps the shrewdest present-day observer at close hand of Chinese affairs, but he for once was caught napping when in his "Chinese Characteristics" he said that there is a total lack of solidarity among the Chinese — a statement which was true for the times in which it was written, but which as prophecy has been discredited by recent events, for while until last year one province was not at all concerned with what transpired in another and there was no union in any kind of effort, the boycott on American goods, projected because of the indignity to which Chinese were subjected on entering American ports, proved that the residents of the Celestial Empire can act together, the boycott being enforced from Shanghai to Canton, with disastrous results to American trade. The spirit of patriotism also is being developed. This feeling was formerly thought to be non-existent, or to be limited to provincial associations and ties, but now a wave of what appears to be genuine patriotism has swept over China. The increase of newspapers and their wider circulation has created what may fairly be called a public opinion — and on a purely local scale public opinion has always existed in China — and the spirit of independence is becoming more marked, affecting even the circles of Christians, some of whom want their Independent Chinese Christian Church. Thus the old provincialism is being merged in the new and larger nationalism.

One very remarkable innovation of late

in China has been the summary abolition, at the instance of Yuan-Shih kai, viceroy of Chihli Province, of the old style of literary examinations for the Bachelor of Arts (Hsiuts'ai) degree, and the abolition later of the old style examinations for the Master of Arts and Doctor's degrees (Chujen and Chinshih). The edict which orders this change marks a new epoch for China. In the royal edict it is declared that China is just now passing through a crisis fraught with difficulties, and is "most urgently in want of men of talent and abilities of the modern sort." The promulgation of this law forces belated viceroys and provinces to establish up-to-date schools, for only thus can they obtain the new knowledge upon which hereafter official promotions are to be based.

At this juncture a very timely article has been published in the *Missionary Herald*, from the pen of the gifted Dr. Arthur H. Smith, on the topic, "Our Opportunity in China," in which he enlarges on the peaceful but radical revolution now in progress in the Celestial Empire. In this article Dr. Smith says: "By an impetus which she can neither explain nor resist, China has been forced to break with her past and to launch the junk of state upon unknown waters. This is the more remarkable as the empire has few great statesmen, and not even a single great leader, but only a clever opportunist Empress Dowager and an able governor-general, who each knows how to trim their sails to gales which they do not originate and cannot understand." According to Dr. Smith, a new China has already been born. There is a new army, a new civic life, great extension of railways, new mines, new currency, a new press, and a new literature, while the colloquial mandarin dialect is becoming and is to be the language of the empire. Electric lights, telephones, a universal postal system, are external symbols of internal transformations and adaptations. Two imperial commissions are going through the world studying Western civilization, and especially the forms of constitutional government in vogue among the nations.

At such a crisis of the ages, Dr. Smith asks: Is it not the duty of Americans to acquaint themselves with the trend of events, both in their relations to the United States and the coming of the kingdom of God? It is not sufficiently apprehended, he says, that missionary work "is not merely gathering in a few here and there who may become the nucleus of a Christian church, but it is rather introducing into non-Christian nations a new moral climate; it is in itself a complete sociology." The times require the reinforcement of the workers in China, and more generous financial support of the Boards working there. There never was a period when the demand for missionary work in China was greater, that China may have the benefit of expert Western leaders, in a transitional stage of her history, not only in religious but also in temporal affairs. A vast opportunity is offered for doing service to civilization, provided care is taken not to seem aggressive and domineering, for China is becoming conscious of itself; and while the Chinese are willing to profit by example and observation of others, they are



more than ever jealous of their own independence and more quick than ever before to resent officious foreign dictation. It is a grand opportunity that is opening in China, but it will require grand men to take advantage of it.

### A Noteworthy By-Product

THE American Congregational churches, 5,931 in number, have made the past year the cheering gain of over 15,000 in membership. Their just issued official Year Book shows that of the seven churches having the largest membership (1,228 and upwards), three have as pastors graduates of the Boston University School of Theology. Of the five largest, two have pastors from the same School. The one which has the highest membership of all (2,654) has as pastor also a graduate of the School. Another is one of the fifteen pastors receiving a salary of \$5,000. Of the four pastors receiving a salary of \$6,000, one is a Boston University graduate; of the two receiving \$8,000, one is from the same School; and of the two receiving \$10,000 both were originally Methodists, and one of them is a graduate of this School. The table showing new accessions during the year just closed reveals the fact that of the only five churches reporting 200 or more accessions, three were under the pastorate of ministers who were formerly Methodists, and two of these were graduates of the Boston School. One of these two was permitted to report the largest of all the aggregates of accessions save one. In view of the fact that recruits to the Congregational ministry are simply a small by-product of our School of Theology (less than one a year from the beginning, even counting in the large number who have come as guests from Congregational families), and in view of the deplorable fact that 1,836 Congregational churches in our country were unable to report any accession on confession of faith the past year, the showing above made speaks volumes for the quality and effectiveness of the training conferred in our Boston School.

### Getting Beyond One's Depth

A SUMMER boarder at Winthrop had a narrow escape from drowning the other day, while bathing off a raft. He swam out beyond his depth and became exhausted. Two men succeeded in getting him on the raft just as his strength gave out. Then a doctor swam out to the raft, carrying instruments, and saved the man's life. Many a person before he knows it gets beyond his depth, literally or figuratively. As, with the return of warm weather, multitudes flock to the seashore or to inland waters, warnings need to be sounded in the hearing of bathers against getting beyond their depth. To desire to do aquatic "stunts" has cost many an "expert" swimmer his life, since mere agility and expertness is no protection against cramps or undertow. In a figurative sense, too, men as would be thinkers often get beyond their depth, and thus lose their intellectual reputation, which to some persons is their life. On almost any question of life, simple though it may seem on the face of it, one may quickly get beyond his depth. Many about us are prating in a quasi-learned way of numerous matters of which they hardly know the A B C. This intellectual recklessness, which leads men to pronounce opinions on subjects too deep for them, accounts for many of the fads and erraticisms of the day. Christian Science, for example, is a curious con-

glomerate resulting from the attempt of some people with little brain power to deal with subtle questions which are too deep for them, and as to which a thinker of the Bowne calibre would be required to set them right. Yet a woman like Mrs. Eddy, with perhaps no more than a high school education, who can scarcely write good English, essays to be a teacher on subjects where a Bowne, on his approach to such age long mysteries, takes off his shoes. It is a case of getting beyond one's depth. We often think of Lowell's sage remark: "The world would be better off if some people would stop talking when they stop knowing." The true investigator and thinker is always humble, docile, and ready to acknowledge his limitations. He knows that in life the shallows are few, the deeps are many, and where he cannot tread or wade with confidence he takes every mental and moral precaution lest, when forced upon the deep, he should be utterly overwhelmed by the waves and billows of either a hopeless agnosticism or a foolhardy dogmatism.

### Sane Southern Views on 'Race Problems

IT is refreshing, in the midst of so much nonsense that is uttered both North and South on the negro question, to find so distinguished a Southerner as Hon. William H. Fleming of Georgia, in a recent address to the Alumni Society of the University of Georgia on "Slavery and the Race Problem in the South," making a courageous and acute analysis of the past and present race situation, and appealing to his peers in culture and social position to pursue toward the negroes a steadfast policy of justice. Mr. Fleming denied that the assumed inferiority of the negro race, even if a fact, ever justified, either in morals or expediency, its enslavement by the superior race. He also defended as right and inevitable the Thirteenth Amendment abolishing slavery and the Fourteenth establishing the rights of American citizenship.

As regards the future Mr. Fleming dismissed as impracticable the methods of deportation or assimilation. That the fear of the numerical predominance of the negro race cannot be used as an argument for total disfranchisement is proved by Mr. Fleming—who, by the way, believes that it was a mistake ever to have granted the negro suffrage—by an appeal to cold figures, which show that, while the whites are increasing at the rate of 20 per cent. per decade, the negroes are increasing at the rate of only 14.3 per cent. As respects the various suffrage laws, Mr. Fleming regards those which impose an educational qualification to be constitutional, provided that they do not bear upon negroes more than upon illiterate whites.

Since the negro can be neither assimilated nor eliminated, and may never be dominant though he will be ministrant, Mr. Fleming concludes that the only course remaining is to treat the negroes fairly and to make of them the best citizens possible. "We do not know," he says, "what shifting phases this vexing race problem may assume, but we may rest in the conviction that its ultimate solution must be reached by proceeding along the lines of honesty and justice. Let us not in cowardice or in want of faith needlessly sacrifice our higher ideals of private and public life. Race differences may necessitate social distinctions. But race differences cannot repeal the moral law." It is probable that the spirit of this moderate and in many respects admirable address is that of a large element in the white population of

the South, whose influence is growing, and which in time may dominate public opinion in the Southland. In spite of the prejudiced reactionaries and the irreconcilable foes of the negro, this juster view will be sure to prevail in the Southern States, because it alone can keep the South in line with the forces that control the progress of the great nation of which it forms so important and significant, and, as the Civil War has shown, inseparable and essential a part.

### PERSONALS

— Dr. John T. McFarland, secretary of the Sunday School Union, is passing the summer at Orland, Me., not Orange, Me., as was stated recently in our columns.

— Prof. Adolf Harnack and Dr. Koch will be among the Germans to visit the United States in 1907 as guests of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, at the opening of its main building in April.

— Rev. John M. Moore, of Dallas, Texas, who has recently been appointed assistant editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, is a native Kentuckian, a graduate of Yale University, a preacher of North Texas Conference, and a member of the Joint Hymnal Commission.

— Rev. James Mudge, D. D., of First Church, Jamaica Plain, is spending his vacation in Nova Scotia. He sailed last week, and expects to return Aug. 17. Meanwhile our readers will probably have an opportunity to look through his observing eyes upon the lovely "Land of Evangeline."

— Mrs. Harriet A. Blakeslee, who passed away recently from her home in Potsdam, N. Y., was the mother of Rev. Dr. F. D. Blakeslee, principal of Cazenovia Seminary, and mother-in-law of Dr. T. B. Stowell, principal of the State Normal School of Potsdam.

— Rev. Dr. Eli McClish, president of the University of the Pacific, severs his connection with that institution in September. A year ago he tendered his resignation, but was induced to remain. Since his tenure he has cleared away the \$60,000 debt and raised \$150,000.

— The Philadelphia *Methodist* states that Rev. A. G. Kynett, D. D., Rev. W. H. Shaffer, D. D., and son, and Rev. F. B. Lynch, S. T. D., sailed last week on the "Menominee" for an extended European trip. Before leaving, Dr. Lynch was presented a purse of gold by the board of trustees of St. Luke's Church.

— Secretary Root received a popular ovation on his arrival at Pernambuco, Brazil. He was the only member of his party to go ashore from the U. S. cruiser "Charlestown" at that point, and the evidences of appreciation of him and of his mission which were there afforded argue well for the success of his efforts at the Rio de Janeiro Conference.

— Russell Sage gives no part of his nearly one hundred millions to charity, leaving the bulk of his immense estate to his wife. It is stated that Mr. Sage expected that his wife would devote the millions to charitable causes, and that he believed she would dispose of it more wisely than he.

— Rear-Admiral Royal B. Bradford, who has just been retired after serving with distinction for nearly forty-five years, was born in Turner, Maine, July 22, 1844, and was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1865, ranking third in his class. He has been attached to the West Indian squad-

ron, the Asiatic station, and the station at Newport. Throughout the Spanish War he was in charge of the equipment department. Later he was in command of the "Illinois." He was made a Rear Admiral in 1904. His retirement promotes Captain Samuel W. Very, of Newton, to the rank of Rear-Admiral.

—Rev. Robert McIntyre, D. D., will spend his two months' vacation in the East, lecturing and preaching.

—Rev. Henry M. Dyckman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pottstown, Pa., has accepted a call from the First Congregational Church of Westfield, Mass., one of the oldest Congregational churches in New England. Mr. Dyckman will take charge of his new field, Oct. 9.

—Mr. Frank W. Cady, who recently returned from Oxford University, England, has been elected to the chair of English in McKendree College. Mr. Cady is a son of Rev. Dr. M. E. Cady, D. D., presiding-elder of Chicago Northern District.

—Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler writes: "Heartily thanks for the 'Memorabilia' of my beloved friend, Bishop Haven. I knew him intimately from 1862 to the close of his glorious career. The portrait of him on your front page is much the best likeness I have ever seen."

—Prof. M. D. Buell delivered, last week, a course of four lectures on "St. Paul in the School of Christ," at the summer school held in the bounds of the Montreal Methodist Conference, at Iroquois, on the St. Lawrence River. He was accompanied by Mrs. Buell.

—Rev. James George Johnston, D. D., pastor of St. Paul's Church, Jersey City, died suddenly last week at Lake Mohonk, where he had gone for his health. Among his pastorates were South Orange, Englewood, Somerville, Elizabeth, Bloomfield and Hackensack, N. J., and Staten Island.

—President M. H. Chamberlin of McKendree College has received from E. W. Clark & Co. of Philadelphia a proposition to give the institution \$25,000, provided \$75,000 more is contributed for a fund of \$100,000. Toward this \$100,000 Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, who has previously given the college \$20,000, has added his name for \$10,000.

—Bishop Moore states in the last issue of the *Pacific Christian Advocate* that the editor of that paper, Dr. Rader, is much better, and adds: "If we are wise and considerate in our demands upon him—in a word, if we give him time to convalesce—we shall have him back on his tripod ere long, with promise of his old-time vigor and usefulness."

—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Dick, of Worcester, went on Monday, July 30, to Ohio, where they will spend the month of August among friends. Dr. Dick will supply the Broad Street Church, Columbus, Aug. 12 and 19. This is the largest church in the Ohio Conference, and one of the largest in the State. Rev. A. B. Kendig will supply Trinity during the month of August.

—In conversation, last week, at Northfield, with Mr. Ambert G. Moody, nephew of Dwight L. Moody, he said that his uncle was a special and pronounced friend of Samuel H. Hadley, to whom extensive reference is made in this issue. Mr. Hadley was invited for many years in succession to come to Northfield and tell to the vast audiences the story of his conversion, reclamation and mission. He attended the

conferences last year, and had charge of one service. After the praise service, which Mr. Alexander had conducted in his own peculiar fashion, he gave the meeting over to Mr. Hadley. He had with him four of his reformed men. Calling them up to the platform, he said, tenderly, but with characteristic phrase: "Now, my bums, tell this audience how you were saved." This they proceeded to do, and then Mr. Hadley told his story again with thrilling interest. The four "bums" were excellent singers, and rendered several pieces with striking effect. It is gratefully remembered by those who were present as one of the most remarkable services ever held in Northfield.

—Rev. John C. Kilgo, president of Trinity College, N. C., one of the strong leaders of Southern Methodism, has been given a year's leave of absence, full salary to be paid him, and all expenses of any trips he may take to any part of the world. Somehow, to be president of Trinity College sounds more alluring than the bishopric, to which the recent General Conference of the Church, South, came so near electing Dr. Kilgo.

—M. Stolypin, the new Premier of Russia, is described as a man of moderate spirit, though he has thrown in his lot with the reactionaries. He is not a bureaucrat of the old school, and is not likely slavishly to execute a policy of unmitigated repression, like that which marked and disfigured the careers of Ignatieff and Von Plehve. M. Goremykin, the retiring premier, is considered to have been well-intentioned, but too old and inactive to cope with the troubled conditions prevailing in Russia.

—Miss Nellie White, of Worcester, niece of ex Gov. J. D. Long, and heiress of the late Nelson D. White, has left her home and wealth to travel six thousand miles and wed Dr. Walter R. Brinckerhoff, who is in charge of the United States leprosy camp at Molokai, Hawaiian Islands, and who has resolved to devote his life to the task of seeking a cure for the plague of leprosy.

—Mrs. Russell Sage, who is today one of the wealthiest women in the world, has always been actively interested in education, philanthropy and religion. A member of the West Presbyterian Church, her devotion to religion has diverted many of her gifts to missionary purposes, but she has shown a genuine interest in the solution of the social and economic problems of the day.

### BRIEFLETS

Each one of us must take up his cross just as he receives it. Otherwise it is a false cross, and the carrying of it is a hypocritical farce.

A copy of the "Rally Day Service" for the use of our Sunday schools is received from the Sunday School Union. Price, \$1.20 per 100 postpaid.

We are pleased to learn that our New York House is soon to provide our people with S. D. Gordon's noteworthy devotional and inspirational volume on "Quiet Talks about Jesus."

We are highly gratified to announce that the Carnegie Foundation, that remarkable benefaction for the relief of retiring professors of educational institutions, has been increased by him to \$15,000,000, and that widows of instructors are to be made eligible to the provisions of the fund. It is inti-

mated, — and we trust there is foundation for it — that the denominational restriction is to be withdrawn. Lawrence University and Beloit College have been added to the list of colleges which may be included in the benefits to be derived from the pension fund.

—Apropos to our editorial upon the "Awakening of China," we note a cable-gram sent since that was written, which states that among the revolutionary but gracious changes in China, are the right of trial by jury and the employment of attorneys for the defence of criminals.

In a letter from Dr. John W. Butler, of Mexico, written July 17, he says:

"I am just home from Puebla, where we held our national young people's convention, with 521 delegates present, of whom over 300 were Methodists and 6 Roman Catholics. They came, and we took them in, and they seemed happy. All this in fanatical Puebla, where we were shadowed by secret police to keep us from harm, the day we dedicated our first little chapel in 1874. Now we go about the streets of the city freely, by day or by night, and the thought of harm does not cross the mind. This recent convention was the most successful we have ever held in the country."

Defeat often has its triumphs — its gains of better, infinitely better, things than those that were denied.

The *Methodist Recorder* of London has a bright and readable column weekly headed, "Men of the Day's March." Everybody ought to be on the march all the while, but as troops move forward some individuals, of course, appear to view more prominently than do others. It interests the public to know who are the particularly gallant knights in every crusade. The similitude of the march is a metaphor which the Christian church can never afford to replace by the softer vision of the easy camp or the tempting carnival of a freebooting foray.

Mr. Rolla V. Watt, of San Francisco, in commending the work of the Methodist Laymen's Relief Legion, writes: "No doubt the outpourings of our press are interfering with your work, but most people will understand that business interests require reconstruction, and that the city promises nothing for the churches. Our people have lost so much personally, and the most interested have been hit so hard, that the rehabilitation at our own cost is simply out of the question; and unless help comes from this movement, or some similar one, I do not know when our church will be re-established." Many people do not understand that not one dollar of the six millions contributed by the country at large has been or will be given to churches or church institutions. Denominations must care for their own.

It is a matter of encouragement for all temperance workers that in Belgium government or municipal employees are prohibited from using alcoholic beverages during the hours of their service, with the result that drunkenness is rare in any branch of the public service, and is never seen among railway employees. Practical prohibition of this kind has prevailed in this country for a considerable time, some of the great railway companies, notably the Pennsylvania, having adopted strict regulations against liquor drinking by their employees. The query arises: If abstinence from intoxicants is so good for men as public officials, why is it not equally good for them in their private capacity?



And, indeed, can any man drink privately without injuring himself in his capacity as a citizen, even if he is not a public servant?

Seasickness is a very disagreeable if not dangerous experience, but it is not without its diplomatic value, it seems, since it is broadly rumored that the sudden signing of the treaty of peace between Guatemala, Honduras and Salvador was due to the fact that the envoys of those perturbed countries met on the rolling deck—or uncertain cabin—of the "Marblehead," anchored some miles off an inhospitable coast. Hence, suffering from *mal de mer*, they were impelled speedily to settle their differences. It might be well if other disputants were at times taken out on the high seas, where general seasickness might induce a conciliatory and peace loving spirit.

The farther one goes in pursuit of happiness, the fainter becomes its trail.

The *Wesleyan*, of Halifax, says: "A Montreal magistrate has a unique method of dealing with simple drunks which has proved to be successful. He allows them to go on suspended sentence, on condition that they take the pledge and bring it back and show it to him; but if they break their promise and are brought before him again, the sentence is six months in jail with hard labor."

An exchange calls attention to the fact that Rev. Charles H. Kelly, president of the English Wesleyan Conference, made use of a telling illustration in speaking at the Foreign Missionary demonstration of the Irish Conference in Belfast. He said that a prominent Russian official was appealed to by a Christian minister on behalf of the distressed Armenians, and his reply was: "My imperial master, the Czar will never permit Protestantism to set its foot there." "And my imperial master," replied the minister, "the Lord Jesus Christ, will not ask his permission."

Kindness is the "open sesame" to natures that are hard and repellent. A man who has done his brother a kindness possesses a latch-key to his heart. There would be far less of what is known as reserve among men if the spirit of a persuasive brotherliness were more active and evident. Society would be a far happier sphere in which to move if the solvent of kindness were more generally applied, and if an honest effort were made by every one to understand another's view point and to sympathize with his brother's need—which is none the less a need if a craving for appreciation rather than a hunger for meat and bread. The kindest and subtlest ministries, after all, are ministries to the spirit.

Just in proportion as life is spiritualized, is it enriched in happiness and productivity.

The heaviest chains are not those made by some Vulcan of earth, but those fashioned at the forge of habit. The last fetters of all to be broken are the bonds which bind a man within. No captivity is so terrible as the enslavement of the soul—and how many are held in bondage in their inner life! Some of these habits are glided with a glitter that attracts the admiring gaze of the multitude, but they are none the less slaveries, since a chain is a chain even though the links are made of gold set with pearls. It is not just that a man has a habit, for too often the habit has the man.

But there is no bad habit which cannot be broken by the grace and power of Jesus Christ, whose delight it is to set the captive free.

### "Greater Love hath No Man"

EARLY last February there entered into life eternal from the operating room of a big city hospital a man who for nearly twenty four years had limped about New York streets "with the spirit of Jesus shining out in all that he did." This man, to whom, at the time of his decease, we devoted considerable editorial space, with a thumb nail portrait, looms up so large with the passing of the months, that we have made this issue of the *HERALD*, in a measure, a tribute to the memory of that "friend of 'bums,'" Samuel Hopkins Hadley. Of the best New England stock, a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, well educated, with an attractive personality, yet liquor dragged him down to the bestial level of drunken sots, and for years the record of his life was black with wickedness and crime—liar, thief, forger, drunkard. But God came even to this abandoned wretch, and his matchless story of his conversion would bring tears from the most stony hearted. "I promised God," he used to say, so tenderly and simply, "that if He would take me from the bondage of strong drink, I would work for Him the rest of my life. He has done His part, and I am trying to do mine." And he kept on doing "his part" until the end. As superintendent of the Water St. Mission in New York city, this reformed drunkard spent his life in winning and saving men—despairing, broken men, profligates, outcasts from home and society. Some one has said that the secret of Hadley's "greatness" lay in the fact that his "love" never gave out. Ministers and social workers came to the Mission to study his "methods," but went away mystified, for all they saw was a reformed "bum" lovingly helping and lifting up other bums and drunkards. And in his last conscious moments, the Death Angel beside him and the Spirit of God brooding over him, his last thought was for those poor creatures of his love and solicitude. "Who will care for my poor bums?" were the last words he uttered. Who can refuse to believe, in the face of Samuel H. Hadley's marvelous conversion and subsequent career, that our God can save to the uttermost?

### The Professor of Common Sense

IN connection with the annual "valedictory service," as they call it in England, held in the Bridge Road Chapel, Battersea, for the Westminster and Southland Training Colleges, Rev. Charles H. Kelly delivered a pungent address, which appears in the recent number of the *Methodist Recorder*. In the course of this address Mr. Kelly referred to the fact that in these colleges are men and women of learning, culture, teaching ability, humor, sympathy and knowledge of people and things, "and often among them, perhaps generally," he added, "there is one at least, of the staff who, besides being all that, is also, like my old friend, Dr. Upham, of Drew Seminary, that fine college of learning, who could be called correctly 'the Professor of Common Sense,' and also 'the Fool Killer,' because he was a master in the art of taking the nonsense and foolishness, pomposity, effeminacy, out of cranks and ninnies, dandies and babies, among the students." Every seminary ought to have a professor who slaughters foolishness, even if it he does not kill fools!

### KINGDOMS OF NATURE AND OF GRACE

MENTION is made of a week which the editor has just spent at Northfield and in the Berkshires, not because of any remarkable experiences, and certainly not because he thinks his brief outings should be chronicled for *HERALD* readers, but with the hope that some who have never done so may be induced to visit the places named.

#### Both of Nature and of Grace

Northfield is especially attractive to lovers of nature. Situated in the valley of the Connecticut River, with rugged mountain ranges beautifully wooded on either side, the whole outlook is very interesting to the tourist. Walking, driving or automobiling parties find unnumbered points of exquisite beauty and historic interest, which amply repay a trip. There are boating, swimming, and fishing in the river, trout streams and ponds. There is abundant opportunity for outdoor sports, such as golf, tennis, croquet, and ball. It was a distinct and insistent purpose of D. L. Moody that healthy and sane recreation should be a specific feature of the Summer Schools and Conferences held here, and Mr. Moody's plans are sacredly followed. A good illustration of this fact is seen in the report of an afternoon of the Summer School of Methods of the Massachusetts Sunday-school Association as given by the *Springfield Republican* in its issue of July 28:

"Yesterday the unique feature was seen of a baseball game on Marquand between two picked women teams, and a walking match was held between the men teachers and the women teachers. Every evening long walks are taken to the different places of historic interest which are so abundant round Northfield, and in the afternoon tennis, swimming and boating are much followed. The weather has been ideal for such athletics, and Northfield with its school grounds is well equipped for all outdoor games."

A ball game between the employees of the Northfield House was witnessed one afternoon by the guests of the hotel with much interest. While the game was sharply contested and played with skill and eager desire "to win," not an ungracious word was spoken nor an unbrotherly manifestation exhibited. The kingdom of grace is shown by these young men and women of Mt. Hermon and Northfield Seminaries even in their recreations and sports. But further reference to this fact will be made later.

It was our privilege to have four days of unbroken rest at The Northfield, and any who have been guests at this hotel will know what those four days brought to the grateful recipient. Dwight L. Moody never possessed any ascetic notions of life. He often said, and with characteristic emphasis, that "nothing was too good for the disciples of Jesus Christ." Hence among the enterprises to which Mr. Moody gave his direction was the building of The Northfield. In this hotel he aimed not only to accommodate comfortably the guests of the Summer Conferences, but to provide a summer home amid such natural beauty and ennobling influences that all who came within its doors would, as he expressed it, "be helped up instead of down by a sojourn there." This hotel, which stands alone amid many unoccupied acres, is supplied with all modern conveniences and equipments. Guests can saunter about in the spacious fields as they wish, while the extensive piazza, attractive reading and writing-rooms and parlors are available for more quiet occupations or for

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## SAMUEL HOPKINS HADLEY

### The Man and his Work

REV. J. WESLEY JOHNSTON, D. D.

THE Chinese affirm that the height of a tower is determined by the length of its shadow. This is equally true of men, for a life to be estimated at its real value must be measured by results, not years. The man, therefore, whose death called for the tender, appreciative editorials from the religious and secular press in all parts of the country, whose funeral was one of the most impressive New York city has ever seen, whose memorial services were attended by vast congregations in which all classes were represented, and over whose departure there has been profound grief not only here, but in nations beyond the seas — such a man must have been rarely favored in gifts, or power, or usefulness. Perhaps by glancing briefly at this man's work we may learn something of the man himself.

Though Mr. Hadley was recognized as an evangelist of wonderful power, and was eagerly sought for at camp-meetings, conventions, and conferences, where he never failed to awaken extraordinary interest, his main work — the work to which he devoted so much of his energy and strength, and the work for which he possessed the most singular aptitude — was in the Jerry McAuley Mission on Water St., New York. Here Mr. Hadley was at his best, giving free vent to the rare genius with which he was endowed — one time exhorting with a power, a vehemence, an eloquence that made resistance almost impossible; then slinging with wonderful pathos and effect; then praying with such tenderness and emotion that the most hardened were constrained to weep; then dealing with penitents with the skill and grace of an apostle. The one who has failed to see Mr. Hadley in the Water Street Mission, particularly on some anniversary or "supper night," has lost something unique by way of an experience, as well as a spiritual revelation hardly possible in any other way.

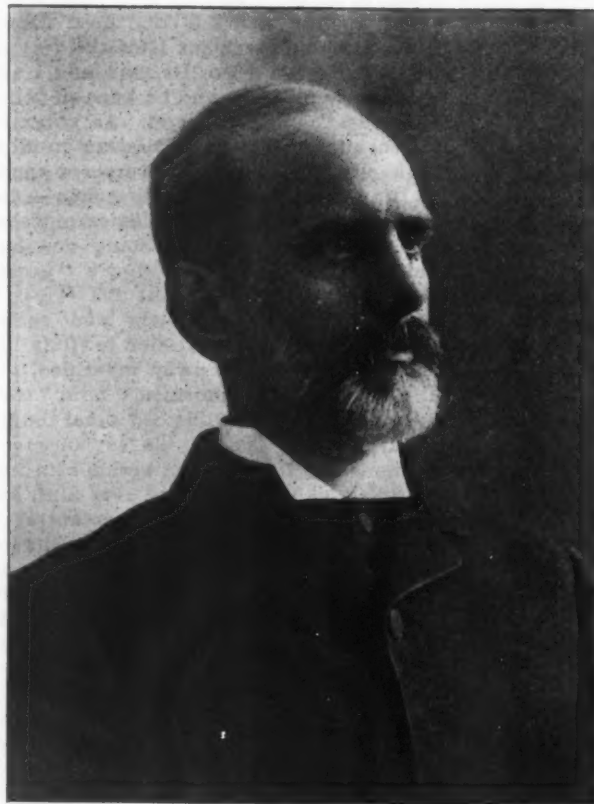
As an institution the

#### Water Street Mission

has a peculiar distinction, for it specially invites those to whom the church has rarely a message of welcome. Hence drunkards, thieves, gamblers, pick-pockets, lost men and lost women of all descriptions, make up its congregations. Here assemble men who have spent most of their lives in crime, some of them with jail records that cover from ten to thirty years; burglars whose portraits adorn the art gallery of police headquarters; bank cashiers whose sense of honesty has been sadly blunted; gentry of the nimble-finger persuasion; men who have come from a country farther than the one to which the prodigal had wandered; young men whose eyes retain the fire of youth, but whose faces bear the marks of dissipation and sin; old men to whom the past is a dread memory, and who would fain forget their misery in drink; young women who were once the joy of

their mother's heart and the pride of their father's eye; women no longer young, whose bearing tells the sad story of their lives; men who were once merchants of high commercial standing; journalists whose fame and power obtained wide recognition; ministers of honor in their denominations, but who yielded to the tempter and fell — all these, and many more, from the sons and daughters of elegant homes to the waif and wanderer from the river front, may be found in the Water Street Mission which every night in the year opens its doors to the outcast and the lost.

And there is something suggestive in the location of this Mission, a lesson possibly to those who think that because a neighborhood changes, the church no longer can hope for success. Water Street



REV. J. WESLEY JOHNSTON, D. D.

has greatly changed since the opening of this Mission more than thirty years ago. Warehouses, storehouses, huge buildings devoted to factory and foundry purposes, now stand where once were dwellings, and this part of the street which was formerly a busy thoroughfare at night is absolutely deserted. Yet the congregations were never as large as during the past five years, never so many seekers at the penitent form, never so many glorious conversions, never so many testimonies to the saving power of Christ!

We make far too much of location and surroundings, and imagine that results are only possible where the conditions are favorable. Hence our cowardly retreat from certain sections of the city. Hence our removal to the suburbs, leaving the multitudes to find God where they will.

We sell our churches as though they were factories or stores depending on the trade of the neighborhood. We forget the real purpose of the church, and also that the more hopeless and destitute a neighborhood is, the more a church is essential to its welfare. But the Water St. Mission was not sold — oh, no! Nor is it likely to be, for it stands for something of infinitely greater value than Gothic architecture, stained glass windows, operatic choirs, or fashionable congregations. It means a life saving station on the bleak, terrible coast of drunkenness and crime; it means a lighthouse throwing out its beams in the black night of misery and despair; it means a haven of hope and peace for the tempest-driven souls of lost men and women.

On the second block from the East River front, between Frankfort and Roosevelt Streets, almost directly under the Brooklyn Bridge, over which the trains and cars roll incessantly, the Water Street Mission is located. It is a plain building, but so arranged as to be well adapted for its purpose. The Mission hall door opens to the street, so that it is but a step from the sidewalk to the meeting room. This arrangement is essential, for it often happens that men come in so drunken that the climbing of stairs would be impossible in their case. Yet so powerfully has this mission impressed itself on even the most depraved, that there is never the slightest disorder; and except on the part of the one addressing the meeting, there is a reverent silence wonderfully impressive. On this Mr. Hadley insisted. His meetings were models of dignity and grace. Not that they were stiff or formal. Far from it! They were hearty, enjoyable, freshened with bits of experience or pointed anecdote. At times Mr. Hadley would give way to a humorous impulse, when he was simply irresistible. Though he never struck attitudes, nor indulged in tragic heroics, he had a rare gift in telling a story, and with a few inimitable touches could make every character wonderfully vivid. But never for a moment was the meeting allowed to swerve from its purpose or lose anything of its spiritual power. The audience might laugh — and it often did laugh, loud and hearty; it might give vent to its enjoyment by the broadest smiles of which the human face is capable, but in an instant a love-tipped arrow would go twanging through the air, then another, and another, and the mouth which a moment before had smiled at some quaint conceit or peculiar experience,



now trembled with emotion, and the eyes filled with tears.

But while on his face there was a smile of rare sweetness — not a candy or chocolate smile, affected by goody goodies, but a smile born out of communion with God; and while his voice never lost anything of its tender, pleading cadence, he was simply merciless in his denunciations of sin. No man could be more unsparing in his invectives against drunkenness, or the vices to which it led. At times he was fearfully eloquent. His arraignment of the drink traffic was simply terrific. Yet — and here is the wonder — he never had a hard word for the sinner. There was no scowl on his face as he spoke, no clenched fist shook before his audience, no loud or angry voice expressed the feeling under which he labored. If possible, he was more tender than at other times. There were tears in his voice, real tears, not tremolo-stop affairs, but as genuine as those of Jesus; and though he was speaking with an excitement all the more intense because it was repressed, no one could detect anything of harshness or anger.

Is it any wonder that his appeals were responded to, and that night after night for more than twenty years he had

#### A Continuous Revival,

never once failing to have seekers at the penitent form? Our protracted meetings last a month or so, at the beginning of the year. In some cases the Week of Prayer exhausts all of our energy and faith, but his went on every night in the week, Sundays and holidays included, for all these wonderful years.

And how he endured the strain, no one knows. For every penitent at the altar represented a tragedy. It meant a sad, wasted life. There was far more to do than point an anxious soul to Christ. Hopeless, helpless, despairing hearts had to be comforted, cheered, rescued from the depths of degradation, lifted out of a horrible pit of foulness, dirt, weakness, debauchery, from the slimy clay of appetite, lust, desire, corruption, and then led to Him who taketh away the sin of the world. At times it was worse than touching the leper; worse than breathing the hot, polluted air of pestilence; worse than going through a hospital in which men are smitten with the plague. Yet no hand was ever more gentle or loving, no voice more grateful or soothing, no care more sweet or helpful.

But perhaps more wonderful still was his close, keen dealing with those who came forward as penitents; and they had to come forward to the forms up close to the speaker's desk. On this he was most insistent. The raising of a hand, or the signing of a card, or creeping, Nicodemus fashion, into an inquiry room, found no favor in his sight. He thought if men had courage enough to be sinners, they ought to have as much courage to be saints. Men who were not ashamed to serve the devil, ought certainly to have no shame in serving God. The mourners' bench — to use the old-time phrase — was, therefore, a distinct feature in every service, and such was his earnestness, his power of appeal, that invariably seekers presented themselves publicly, or asked for the pardon of their sins. But no mat-

ter how many came forward, each man was dealt with personally. The most definite, pointed questions were put to him. He was made to feel, as possibly never before, his personal relations with God, his fearful neglect of religious things, the sad consequences of his sin, and the terrible, inevitable result of a wicked, wasted life. In no other part of his work was Mr. Hadley so definite, so pointed, so personal. Though his charity was unbounded, and a harsh, stern word was totally foreign to his lips, yet when bringing penitents to the point of decision he was so thorough, so absolute, so unconditional in his demands, that no one could possibly mistake his meaning or the purpose on which he was intent. Hence no subterfuge was accepted. No evasion availed for a moment. The penitent had either to declare himself as honestly seeking salvation, or be exposed as an unworthy weakling before the whole congregation. His one purpose was to bring men to God; hence, if anything stood in the way, he bent his entire energy to have it removed.

As a result of his faithful dealing in this regard, the converts of the Water Street Mission were made to see and feel the

#### Awful Reality of Religion.

Going forward for prayers was anything but a form in their case. He made them realize that such an act brought them into the immediate presence of God. Then with passages from the Psalms, the Prophets, the Gospels, he so applied the truth that the Word became quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword. It is, therefore, no wonder that the converts of this Mission are numbered by the thousand, and are to be found everywhere.

But it was in the extraordinary care of the converts that Mr. Hadley put forth his greatest efforts. For he watched over them with the love of a mother for her child. His patience with them was inexhaustible. He knew their frame, and remembered that they were dust. Though he ever held before them the highest ideals of Christian life and service, and constantly persuaded them that anything less than the stature of perfect manhood in Christ was unworthy of true discipleship, yet his pity for their weaknesses, his sympathy with their failings, his forgiveness for their wanderings, were, after all, the most amazing features of his ministry. With him there was no unpardonable sin. There was no limit of transgression. There was no boundary line of iniquity. Men might abuse his kindness to any imaginable extent, but he never reviled nor reproached. They might fall a hundred times, but they were received with pity and tenderness. No charges were ever preferred against any one. No church trials were possible under his administration. The idea of expelling any one from fellowship never occurred to him. He imagined somehow that if God could blot out transgressions, cast them behind His back, remember them no more, he ought to do the same. He therefore regarded the parable of the Prodigal Son as having special application to the work of Rescue Missions, and to the church as well, and believed that, the more weak and helpless the prodigal was,

the more he required all the help that could be given him. He mourned bitterly when converts fell. Sometimes his heart was well-nigh broken. He would weep as piteously as those who sorrow for the dead. But he would follow them up with the care of a shepherd seeking the lost sheep. And though he might find them in some squalid lodging house or sink of iniquity, covered with dirt, and degraded almost beyond recognition, yet his greeting was without the slightest tinge of complaint or reproach, rather like that of a mother whose child had been stolen and for whom she had been seeking with anxiety and tears. Hundreds — aye, thousands — of men have been thus saved through this ministry of patience and forgiveness, who otherwise would have been lost forever. Naturally such a course sets all church discipline at defiance. It makes valueless certain forms and procedure duly provided for by the laws of church government. But Mr. Hadley believed that love was the fulfilling of the law, and that the Gospel of the grace of God had larger applications than Christian people were wont to accept. So he went on loving sinners as Jesus loved them, forgiving them the full seventy times seven (and even more, if necessary), seeking for them in the dirt as the woman for the lost silver, writing with his finger in the sand no matter how deep their transgression, and never letting them go until death put them beyond his reach.

The number of persons who came under his direct influence cannot be estimated. Certainly not less than

#### Nearly a Hundred Thousand Men

have personally received help and counsel from him. More than fifty thousand persons each year attend the Water Street Mission, for a strict record of the attendance is kept. Fully five thousand penitents each year have knelt at the mourners' bench. If these figures are multiplied by the twenty years that Mr. Hadley has been superintendent of the Mission, we can readily see the vast multitude to whom he ministered. Nor is this all; for his ministry began in the early morning when mothers came asking help for their sons; wives came pleading for their wayward husbands; women came as the penitent in the house of Simon; men came to tell the fearful story of their lives; and there he sat, listening, sighing, sobbing, then praying, giving to each one the richest treasures of his heart. More criminals appeared before him — far more — than faced any judge in the city. His ear heard more of tragedy and mystery than pen could ever write. And the procession never paused. They came from the jails, the penitentiaries, the banks, the offices; from lordly dwellings uptown, from East Side slums; from far-off States and nations in distant continents. But all with the same story of sin, sin, sin! Rarely did any one come with a word of cheer, of strengthening, of encouragement. Never was man called to bear a heavier burden, and to bear it alone. True, the trustees of the Mission were kindly, generous, and helpful in many ways, but they were busy men, with large interests in their care, and under engagements that absorbed their

full time. Mr. Hadley, therefore, had to carry the fearful burden which every day grew heavier and more exacting. For in numberless cases relief had to be given. This meant money, a great deal of money; for what is the use of telling a man just out of prison to find immediate employment? As well tell him to fly. People don't want a discharged convict in their stores or offices. So with prodigals, runaways, redeemed drunkards, gamblers, men turning away from a life of sin. Mr. Hadley had, therefore, to find money to meet the numerous urgent appeals which came to him every day. So in addition to all his other work he went here and there, attending conventions, visiting churches, writing letters, calling upon the kindly disposed, raising what money he could. Everything of his own he gave, hardly reserving enough for the most meagre expenses. To meet a deficiency he put in every penny of royalty from his book, "Down in Water Street." Anything that was given him

for his services as an evangelist went to the Water Street Mission. Not a dollar of the larger sums entrusted to him was used for personal service. Nor did he lay up anything for old age. He literally gave everything he had or earned to the cause so dear to his heart. A more superb instance of unselfishness, of devotion, of self-sacrifice, is not to be found in the annals of the church.

There is no need to speak of Mr. Hadley as a man, for his work was so essentially a part of himself, and he was so vitally related to it, that it is impossible to separate one from the other. So, taking the figure with which this article opened, and estimating Mr. Hadley's life and character by their results, we are justified in declaring that no man of this generation has more definitely embodied the Gospel of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, or has left behind him a nobler record as a true disciple of his Lord and Master.

*New York City.*

## From Sinner to Samaritan

THE career of the late Samuel H. Hadley, superintendent of Water Street Mission in New York, illustrates the power of divine grace in a most remarkable manner. Those who heard Mr. Hadley at the International Epworth League Convention in Denver last summer will not soon forget the man's moral earnestness as he recited the story of his own reclamation, and gave some incidents of the work of the Jerry McAuley Mission in New York.

Mr. Hadley was a Methodist minister, having been ordained at the session of the New York East Conference three or four years ago. His work in the Water Street Mission was wonderful because of the results achieved, the spirit in which it was carried on, and the character of the persons reached.

Many men and women have been reclaimed through the gracious influence of the McAuley Mission, but there is probably no more interesting instance of the regenerating power of God upon a forlorn heart in all the history of the mission than that presented by the case of Mr. Hadley himself.

The story of his life, as told by himself, is in substance as follows: He was born in Ohio in 1842 — the youngest of six children. His father was a native of New Hampshire. His mother was a daughter of a Congregational minister of Massachusetts. On his mother's side he was a direct descendant of Jonathan Edwards. In the log cabin in which the family lived the children were brought up to fear God, and family worship was strictly observed. "No whiskey or tobacco ever invaded the sacred precincts of our log cabin home," says Mr. Hadley. "I promised my mother as early as I can remember that I would never drink. This promise I kept until my eighteenth year."

The circumstances under which he broke the sacred promise made to his mother were these:

"A friend of ours, a man some years older than myself, a prominent business man, had been to town. He got quite drunk, and had a bottle of whiskey with him. I met him on the big road. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and he stood there perhaps half an hour coaxing me to take a drink, the bottle in one hand and a corn-cob stopper in the other.

"Come, come, Hopp," he said, 'do take a drink; now be sociable.'"

"No," I said, 'I can't drink with you.' I didn't

say, as I should have done, that I had promised my mother I never would drink.

"Come," said he, 'if you don't drink with me I will think that you feel yourself above me.' I felt stung at this, and took the bottle from his hands and turned it up, and with my eyes on the moon, which was looking so kindly down on me, I took my first drink."

His mother died shortly after without knowing that her boy had broken his promise. Her last message to him was: "Tell Hopkins to meet me in heaven."

Six months later his father died, and the home was broken up. Then he went to a nearby village to study medicine with a prominent physician. "He was a brilliant man," says Hadley, "but a drunkard, and what I didn't know before he taught me. Before my course was finished I got into trouble through drink, and had to clear out as fast as my horse would go; in fact, I kept clearing out for some years afterwards in pretty much the same way from every place that I settled in." He gave up medicine, and became a professional gambler, and of course he was constantly under the influence of drink. In 1870 he went to New York, and got a new start, but the fangs of drink were in his soul, and he went lower than ever. Here is the way he speaks of his condition at this time:

"I had lied, stolen, and forged checks. The law, relentless as a bloodhound, urged on by outraged and defrauded creditors, was on my track. So weak I could scarcely stand or think, unable to sleep or eat, still I knew that if I did not make certain crooked things straight at once I would be arrested and locked in a felon's cell. I could see only one thing to do — just what the devil wanted me to do — and that was to go and perpetrate some crime greater than anything I had ever done. Then in the agony of my soul delirium tremens came upon me, as stealthily as a snake from behind my door or through the window, in the room where I vainly hoped I might get a few hours' sleep. Friends of the most hellish form gathered around me, holding their mouths so close that I could feel their scorching breath, telling me what to do; while my faithful, loving wife was holding me in her arms, I feared she would be frightened out of her senses by their evil plottings. The advice of these demons, whether real or imaginary, always tended toward self-destruction. Then they would go into the next room and speak so loud that I could hear every word. Often I would rise from my bed determined to end my life."

In the spring of 1882 he sat in a saloon in Harlem. His home was destroyed; his

wife had left him and gone back South. Everything that could buy a drink had been pawned. He had eaten nothing for days and had had delirium tremens four nights. "I had often said that I would never be a tramp. I would never be cornered, for if that time ever came I had determined to find a home in the bottom of the river."

It was while sitting in this saloon that he "seemed to feel some great and mighty presence." He walked up to the bar and pounded it with his fist and said: "Boys, listen to me! I am dying, but I will die in the street before I will ever take another drink." Someone said: "If you want to keep that promise go and have yourself locked up" — and that is just what Hadley did. He says:

"They locked me up in a narrow cell that has become a famous cell to me since. For twenty years I have visited that same cell on the anniversary of that awful night of darkness, and have had sweet communion there with Jesus. It seemed that all the demons that could find room came in that place with me that night. They were not all the company I had, either. No, praise the Lord, the dear Saviour who came to me in the saloon was present, and said: 'Pray.' I did fall on my knees on that stone floor and said: 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

On the evening of the following Sunday Hadley went to Jerry McAuley's Cremorne Mission. He made his way toward the space near the platform, and, "There," he says, "I saw that man of God, that apostle to the drunkard and the outcast — Jerry McAuley." The rest of the story we must tell in Hadley's own words:

"Jerry arose amid deep silence, and told his experience — that simple story I have heard so many hundred times since, but which was ever new — how he had been a 'thief, an outcast, yes, a regular bum; but,' he would add, 'I gave my heart to God, and He saved me from whiskey and tobacco and everything that's wicked and bad. I used to be one of the worst drunkards in the fourth ward, but Jesus came into my heart and took the whole thing out of me, and I don't want it any more.'

"I never heard this kind of gospel before, with all the sermons I had heard, and I began to say to myself: 'I wonder if I, too, could be saved?' There was a sincerity about this man's testimony that carried conviction with it. I listened to the testimony of probably twenty-five redeemed drunkards, every one of whom told my story. They had all been saved from rum. When the invitation was given I raised my hand and soon was kneeling down with quite a crowd of drunkards. Jerry made the first prayer, and Mrs. McAuley followed. Then Jerry sang, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.'

"Then Jerry said, 'Now all keep on your knees and keep praying, while I ask these dear souls to pray for themselves.' He spoke to one and another as he placed his hand upon their heads, saying: 'Brother, pray. Now tell the Lord what you want Him to do for you.' How I trembled as he approached me. Though I had knelt down with the determination to give my heart to God, when it came to the very moment I felt like backing out. The devil knelt beside me and whispered crimes in my ears that I had forgotten for months. I had standing against me at that moment one hundred and twenty-five forgeries on one man alone. In the agony I had been in through drink, I had forgotten it until the devil reminded me of it there."

"What are you going to do about these matters if you are going to be a Christian? You can't afford to make a mistake. Had you not better wait and fix these matters up, and get out of some of these troubles, and then make a start? How can you go to Sing Sing prison and be a Christian?" Oh, what a conflict was going on for my poor soul! A blessed whisper said, 'Come.' The devil said: 'Be careful.' Jerry's hand was on my head. He said: 'Brother, pray.'

"I can't pray. Won't you pray for me?"

"All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself." I halted but



a moment, and then, with a breaking heart, I said: "Dear Jesus, can you help me?"

"Dear reader, never with mortal tongue can I describe that moment. Although up to that time my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sunshine in my heart. I felt that I was a free man. Oh, the precious feeling of safety, of freedom, of resting on Jesus! I felt that Christ, with all His love and power, had come into my life.

"Sinking and panting as for breath,  
I knew not that help was near.  
I cried: "Oh, save me, Lord, from death,  
Immortal Jesus, hear me!"  
Then quick as thought I felt Him nigh;  
My Saviour stood before me;  
I saw His brightness round me shine,  
And shouted, "Glory! Glory!"

"And I have been shouting 'Glory' pretty much all the time since. From that moment until now I have never wanted a drink of whiskey, and have never seen money enough to make me take one. The precious touch of Jesus' cleansing blood in my soul took from my stomach, my brain, my blood, and my imagination, the hell-born desire for whiskey. Hallelujah!

"I promised God that if He would take me from the bondage of strong drink I would work for Him the rest of my life. He has done His part, and I am trying to do mine."

### A Man Whose Religion Won

A PROMINENT preacher of half a century ago was asked by an unbeliever if he did not think that, after all, the Christian religion was a failure. He replied, "We don't know, it never has been tried." But there died in New York, a short time ago, a man named Samuel H. Hadley, who "tried" the Christian religion after the manner of its Founder—really tried it; and it worked. He kept a resort on Water Street for those fallen wretches whom he frankly called "bums." When they lied to him and stole the very dishes on which he gave them food, as they often did, he ignored their thefts; and, when they smirkingly confessed themselves "saved" for the sake of a warm bed, he asked no questions, but honestly rejoiced till they were shamed into a confession and a new start. There was no limit to his patience—he called it "love." By "loving" a man long enough, and sincerely enough, you can win him—that's the whole thing. But except in very, very rare cases, this "love," as we practice it and call it religion, gives out long before it reaches the winning point. Hadley's "greatness" consisted in the fact that his "love" never gave out.

Social workers and ministers came from all over the country and from other countries and were sent by all denominations to inquire into the "methods" of so successful a mission. But the methods were too simple to allure. Visitors saw merely a few Bible texts such as they had been brought up on, the same that are hung on the walls of every Sunday-school. Many earnest workers went away only half satisfied; no panacea had been discovered after all. There was no solution of the great problem; they saw only a reformed drunkard and "bum" helping other drunkards and bums.

But he was a man of such a shining personality that other men came to him naturally and eagerly. Then he practiced the forgiveness of his brother unto seventy times seven. That was all—a single spark of Christ's own fire, and the Bible for his manual.

"Down in Water Street," the book into which Hadley has put his experiences, is like many of the emotional religious works, but through the overwrought phraseology that in most men's vocabulary spells cant, there shines a gleam of something so real and vital that scoffing will not stand against it.

There will never be known just what number of "cases" could be marked "cured" by the Water Street Mission. But this fact we do know. A really large number of men are today self-respecting persons who went there sots; that many of them hold places of respect and influence; and that much hot coffee and strong meat stew were daily given to those who would surely go into the depths again to come back heavy with liquor and crime. It was given as freely to them as to anybody else. When many of them turned and scoffed him for being a fool to feed them and believe in them, this man still worked on, and, in his quaint revivalist phraseology, "sowed seeds of grace."

But he won and saved men as—who else does? The last words that he uttered were: "Who will care for my poor bums?"—*World's Work*.

### A PERSONAL TRIBUTE

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

From Remarks at the Funeral of Samuel H. Hadley,  
Feb. 12, 1906.

IF I speak briefly it must be remembered I am speaking out of a full heart, and if my utterances seem broken, then please do not forget that my emotion is almost beyond my control. It is as if one had been called to stand beside the casket of his own brother—and yet he was more to me than a brother; or it is as if one were standing beside the casket of a member of his own household, for I think I could almost say that my affection for S. H. Hadley was as deep and tender as for those who are of my own flesh and blood; and I say the truth when I declare that I had rather be S. H. Hadley lying dead in his coffin, having stirred these gracious memories in the minds of so many of us, and having changed so many lives for good, than to be what the world would call New York's most famous citizen.

For twenty-three years, nine months and ten blessed days he lived the life of a Christian, and then came his translation into the presence of his Saviour.

He was great in every way. He inherited a great ancestry. The blood of Jonathan Edwards throbbed in his veins, and this may in part account for his passion for souls and his desire to see the world moved for God. His own father was a man of great strength of character and his mother was a gentle soul of whom S. H. Hadley delighted often to speak. He had a way of saying "Jesus" as few men could say it, but he also had a way of saying "mother" that always stirred my heart.

He made a great wreck of his life. Such a story of depravity rarely falls from human lips. I have heard that story hundreds of times, and it has always seemed to me as if it could not possibly be true. He was a man of the finest spirit imaginable, and as pure and true and good as any one I have ever known. I have heard him say that he used in the days of sin to swear in his sleep; and to think that these lips which are now sealed in death, which have stirred so many thousands of people, could ever have been used to utter a profane expression, seems to me to be incredible; and yet I suppose the story of his sin is darker really than he painted it.

He had a great repentance. I heard the Bishop of Connecticut preach an evangelistic sermon the other evening in which he declared that in repentance one had to return as far to God as he had wandered from Him; and while this is true, I could not help but think as he uttered the expression that the difference between the returning and the going away was this, that in the coming back Jesus is with you all the

way. This was especially true of this dear man whom we all love. I have never known any one to love Jesus so devotedly.

The first time I ever saw this blessed man was here in the city of New York in a dive. I had been asked to see the city at its worst, and I confess with shame that I set out to look at lost men and lost women with a spirit of curiosity; but when I had crossed the threshold of the first saloon and saw S. H. Hadley throw his arms about a drunkard's shoulders, I lost my curiosity. When I walked with him into a house of ill-repute, beheld him lay his hand upon the head of a fallen girl and bathe her upturned face with his tears, I had a new conception of what it was to have a passion for souls. And when I said good night to him that night he took my hand and pressed it and said: "Oh! oh! oh! How can people so forget God?" Then he said: "My brother, always preach a Gospel that can save such as these." If there has been any tenderness in my preaching I think I owe much of it to this dear soul who lies before us in his casket today.

He was a great man any way you view him. For ten blessed years he has been at our Winona Bible Conference. No greater speaker has ever appeared upon our platform, no greater name has ever been printed on our program. We have had some of the world's intellectual giants, but S. H. Hadley shone with the brightest of them. Ministers loved him; they sat at his feet as willing listeners to the truth that fell from his lips, and of all the men I have ever known, in his own way of working, I consider him the greatest of all my acquaintance. His going away has left us desolate. The world actually seems a lone some place to live. New York seems to me to have lost something; as a matter of fact the best of it has gone away, and I can never again think of the city as being what it has been in the past when S. H. Hadley lived and loved and worked here in the spirit of Jesus.

—FROM DOWN IN WATER STREET. Memorial Edition. By Samuel H. Hadley. Copyright 1902 1906, Fleming H. Revell Co.

### A Friend of "Bums"

A very good proportion of men are "bums." Why, comes within that huge question of the mystery of souls. Some, no doubt, are born bums; some acquire bunniness, and others have it thrust upon them. In a civilization as commercial, individualistic and aggressive as our own, the last class is a large and pitiable one. But perhaps any bum is pitiable—pitiable because of deficient will or energy, inherited appetite or feeble cerebration, wasted strength in childhood or a luckless beginning. But no man, however consummate his bunniness, likes to be without friends. One may go further and say that no man deserves to be without friends. One of those who realized this to a superlative degree was Rev. Samuel Hopkins Hadley, for twenty years the superintendent of the Jerry McAuley Mission, in New York. Mr. Hadley was himself at one time a "bum," though he came of a good family and had received an education. Liquor was the cause with him, as it is with the major part of all such unfortunate. But he was saved by a revelation of Divine power and kindness, or, in the language of the old-time Protestant, he experienced conversion. He reformed, and spent his life in helping beaten and broken men. His impulse to reformation came while he was in a low saloon. Suddenly about him, as about Saul, "a great light shone," and he knew that God was a fact, and His beneficence available even for the most abject. His life of unwavering devotion to the wanderers and drunkards, the thieving and despairing, was evidence to the reality of his vision. "My poor bums! My poor bums!" was his plaint in the days when he lay facing death.—*The Reader*.

## A Prayer for Guidance

JAMES BUCKHAM.

Lord of the earth, who dost expand  
By ways undreamed of this our land,  
Help us, we pray, to firmly hold  
Our fathers' heritage of old!

Oh, may we not for kingdoms new  
Abandon that wherein we grew,  
But still by Heavenly Wisdom led,  
May we this path of empire tread!

Still grant us leaders, who shall be  
Nurtured in truth and piety,  
Corrupted not by zeal of gain,  
Nor smirched by any selfish stain.

So on its new and untried way  
Guide Thou our honored land, we pray;  
Sustain us in the hour of need,  
And safely through all peril lead!

## Cornwall, England, and Its Great Methodist Pit

DR. WILLIAM HENRY MEREDITH.

IT is Whitsuntide in England. All the churches of all the denominations observe this Pentecostal anniversary. Especially do all the English Methodists follow their founder's advice, and observe the great Christian festivals. We in America now observe Easter and Christmas; why not also observe the time of the church's baptism? Sermons on the Holy Ghost, while always timely, are especially so at this season, as English Christians prove. Whit-week is also a time of general holiday-keeping in England. Stores are closed on Monday and Tuesday. How sparing we Americans are of holidays! Hence the overwrought nerves and sallow faces of Americans contrasted with the ruddy cheeks of the men, and the rosy-faced, sturdy-limbed Englishwoman who can walk her six or even ten miles with perfect ease, and then sit down to a square meal and tell you what she saw and heard on the way.

Excursions are the order of the season. Seeing one advertised to Cornwall, we decided that, at last, to

### Cornwall

we would now go, after having for many years purposed visiting that beautiful and interesting county. John Wesley records, in his Journals, thirty-three visits to its famous Pit alone; the great number of visits to the county we have not stopped to count. It is literally a Methodist county. Other denominations are scarcely found in it, comparatively speaking. Not until 1880 was a cathedral begun there, at Truro, which is the youngest English cathedral city. So thoroughly did John Wesley pre-empt the county for Methodism, that, go where we will, we find Methodist churches (chapels they foolishly call them still), both small and great.

The Cornish people are unlike any other English we have found anywhere, and the Methodists are nearer the original type than any we have yet discovered. A Cornishman is everywhere and always the same. He is now, also, everywhere where mining is carried on, for the tin mining business of Cornwall, which is older than the Christian era, has of late years been so dull that many thousands have emigrated. Dr. John Butler finds them in Mexico. They are in South America, Africa, Nevada, and Australia. For instance, we were guests at Wall, Gwinear, near Hayle. Next door to our host's was a man who had "made his pile" in the United States, and had now built himself a beautiful home. A few doors beyond was a young woman born in Mexico; her sister's bus-

band is now on his way from South Africa. Opposite, again, is another family who have been to America, and the charwoman of our hostess was that day expecting her son and family from South Africa. Cornish people, they say, seldom visit other parts of England, but go abroad more than any others. A revival of the tin mining industry, just beginning, will bring many home to wives and families from whom they have been separated for years.

The people abound in hospitality towards those whom they like, but woe to the rest, it is said. The delightful and even climate, almost semi-tropical, the fruits and the flowers, especially the flowers, are enchanting. The edibles are most inviting and toothsome. The strawberries with Cornish clotted cream, with

cause in returning for the Ecumenical Conference in London, in 1901, with Dr. John Butler, of Mexico, who had been to Cornwall to visit relatives of his Cornish parishioners in Mexico, he told us that the Cornish people like a fresh pasty every day, and two new preachers every Sunday. This we found to be true. We also found Dr. Butler's tracks in the county, and heard echoes of his preaching in Camborne, near where we were staying. He had also been to Gwinear, our temporary home.

Time, or rather space, would fail us to tell of our drives to St. Ives, Hoyle, Penzance, Redruth, and to the Land's End, most interesting to us as the spot where Charles Wesley composed:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Secure, insensible."

We, too, stood on the spot, and remembered how we had fought for Jekyll's Island, in Georgia, as the place of its composition, but had been beaten, and convinced that here it was done. The "two unbounded seas" meet in the cavern underneath our feet. Get your map of England, and locate the spot, then read the hymn in our Hymnal.

But the greatest Methodist service in Cornwall is the Whit-Monday service at Gwennap Pit

To it we drove on Whit-Monday. The approach reminded us of going to a great camp meeting on the great day of the



GWENNAP PIT

varieties of cake to match, leave pleasant tastes in one's mouth. What shall we say of the world-famed "Cornish pasties?" You don't know what a pasty is? A little turned-over tart filled with — well, whatever is at hand, in the way of meat. It is said that Satan is afraid to enter Cornwall lest he should be made up into a pasty; but that is not true, for we saw his tracks all over the county, even hard by and within the houses of the Lord.

Cornish Methodists, besides being, like many others, usually demonstrative, have their peculiarities. Some of these we learned by observation and by conversation, others from Methodist preachers in Cornwall. They are great sermon tasters. They pay the lowest salaries in the Conference, but demand the best preachers, and often they get them. They are a most critical people, and are fond of change. For this we were prepared, be-

feast. Thousands of people were journeying to the Pit, multitudes with no means of locomotion save those nature provides; they were dusty travelers indeed. But the vehicles, ranging all the way from donkey carts, of which there were not a few, up to automobiles, or, as the English call them, "motor cars!" The four-in-hands appealed to us most pleasingly. "Where are these multitudes going?" a stranger would ask. The answer would be, "Going to the Pit." In this case it would not be to "the pit of corruption," but to the pit of blessing, for multiplied thousands have been blessed there since John Wesley preached there, for the first time, Sept. 8, 1743, and for the last time, Aug. 29, 1789, and thirty-one times between those dates. Ever since Wesley's day service has been held here on Whit-Mondays. A picture of the Pit has been in our collection for



many years. We had read of its services and longed to visit this shrine, and now we are there. What a place! What a crowd! The annual congregations now number about six thousand, and these figures need not be taken "with an open mind," as do the estimates of some congregations of which we have heard. As we looked from the platform into their faces, we remembered Wesley's last sermon there, when, at eighty-five years of age, he records, under date of August 23, 1789: "I preached in the evening at the amphitheatre, I suppose for the last time, for my voice cannot now command the still increasing multitude. It was supposed they were now more than five and twenty thousand. I think it scarce possible that all should hear." This was the last of the thirty-three times he preached there. The pit then extended much farther on the top. Wesley describes it as an oval of "about one hundred yards by sixty-six yards." Its present actual dimensions are one hundred and twenty-five yards, giving a diameter of about forty yards. There are twelve or fourteen nearly circular tiers, one above another. The base of the pit is about five yards across. The people sit on the grassy tiers which are provided by nature, or the results of the working in the now widely open mine, away back in prehistoric times, for no man knows the origin of this most beautiful and peculiar spot.

We were somewhat disappointed in the character of the service. It lasted for only sixty minutes. We rather expected at least a half-day's meeting, but concluded they know best how to treat those who come so far and have to return after the services. We expected a more evangelistic service than we found. The preacher was a rising man, imported for the occasion. His address—for sermon it was not—was unique, able, and, best of all, interesting, but utterly unlike such as had been preached there in the olden time. In that, perhaps, lay its strength. Surely it pleased the people, and doubtless did them good. The whole service impressed us as being more of a holiday than a holy day service. But the Pit is now to us a new shrine, and that Whit-Monday a red-letter day in our history.

*Bristol, England.*

### Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital

REV. GEORGE WHITAKER, D. D.

The establishment of a university calls for a medical school. An inseparable part of a medical school is a hospital, where medical students may have proper instruction in clinics. The School of Medicine of Boston University is favored with the fourth largest hospital in the city, if measured by the number of its beds for patients. By other grades of measurement it stands well nigh the first. The writer, who enjoyed its privileges for nearly eight weeks, was surprised to find so many admirable provisions for its patrons.

The Hospital was established in 1855, and in a very small way commenced its truly benevolent work. But with the growing years it has become a thriving institution. Its first act of incorporation gave it authority to hold property valued at \$200,000. Its last amendment increased that limit to \$3,000,000. Its officers for the current year number forty, its medical board forty-one, and other appointees to specific work thirty-nine. To these must be added

seventy-seven nurses and probationers, and other employees in the culinary and other departments.

It has a main building five stories in height, adjoining the Medical Department building of Boston University; a home for nurses, the "Ann White Vce Home;" a maternity hospital; a contagious disease building; a convalescent home at Sunny Bank, Watertown; and thirty seven acres of land in Jamaica Plain for the future enlargement and growth of the institution. The sum total of its real estate, buildings and furnishings is valued at \$400,000. The invested funds of the institution amount to over \$1,250,000. Yet such is the deserved popularity of the Hospital that scarcely one of its buildings is adequate to meet the increasing demands upon it. Its very prosperity loudly calls for additional funds to meet the growing demand in all directions.

The following comparison gives a hint of the growth of this institution in twenty five years:

	1877	1904
Number of patients treated,	132	3,720
Number days' treatment of patients,	5,872	69,631
Number patients paying in part,	14	1,273
Number free patients,	74	1,951
Entire expenses of Hospital,	\$7,358	\$136,002

All the work of the Hospital more than doubled in ten years.

The work in the main building is divided into surgical, medical and children's departments. The latter is of thrilling interest, and in it have been wrought many wonderful cures. The surgical department occupies something more than one half of the main building. In the medical department the total number discharged in 1905 was 664, and in the surgical department, 2,450. The total of all cases was 3,917, an increase of 197 for the year. The death rate was 39 per cent.

Too much cannot be said of the rare surgical and medical skill brought to the Hospital by many of the highly cultured and eminent practitioners of the healing art whose patients fill so many beds. Their thorough skill and devotion to their patients is no doubt fundamental to the prosperity and efficiency of the hospital. The corporation is very fortunate in having so skillful an executive in its superintendent as William O. Mann, M. D., whose marked administrative abilities are everywhere discernible.

The appliances of every sort, from the operating rooms to the kitchen and laundry appointments, are of the most modern and advanced type. Cleanliness is a virtue here. The regulations for service and rules for patients indicate a comprehensive discernment and systematic method worthy of commendation. The house doctors, or "interns," as they are called, visit each patient twice daily. We were fortunate in having the attendance of Harry J. Lee, M. D., a graduate of two years, and a very cheerful, devoted and gentlemanly visitor of marked ability and promise.

The nurses of the Hospital are pursuing a three years' course of instruction under the able superintendency of Mrs. Alice H. Fiesh. Lectures, recitations and assignments to the varied duties of nurses every two weeks outline their service. The nurses are thoroughly trained to care for all the wants of the sick. The writer bears witness to their diligence, cheerfulness, skill and fidelity to a high degree. They are mostly from New England and the Provinces, and are making the care of the sick a profession and life service.

To Miss Campbell and her able assistants the writer is under an unspeakable debt of gratitude. One of the most useful men about the building is quiet, patient "Orderly" Beede, who wins the high esteem of all whom he may serve. Another department of great interest everywhere is that which provides nourishment for the sick. The writer was constantly surprised and pleased by the quality and variety of the food, its healthful and appetizing preparation, and its method of service.

Whether voicing our own impressions, or those we gathered from other patients, we delight to do honor to this first class institution for the care of sick or suffering humanity. It ought not to be overlooked that 85 per cent. of its patients either pay nothing or a fraction only of the cost of the service. Surely so benevolent and useful an institution should be generously supplied with such funds as are necessary to complete its resources, to meet

every demand upon it, and transmit to the future in larger scale the great service for which it has already become famous.

### Union of Methodism in Japan

THE Joint Commission of the Union of Methodism in Japan, composed of representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Church of Canada, met in the city of Buffalo, New York, July 18, 1906. After two days of patient and prayerful consideration, Articles of Union were unanimously adopted and provision made for the organization of the Methodist Church of Japan. This action, authorized by the General Conferences of the said churches in the United States and Canada, was in response to the practically unanimous conviction of the pastors and members of the churches in Japan, as well as the foreign missionaries working among them. The name of the united church will be "Nippon Methodist Kyokwai" (the Methodist Church of Japan).

In the introduction to the eighteen Articles of Religion adopted are these words:

"The Nippon Methodist Kyokwai shall be permanently founded on the fundamental doctrines of the Holy Scripture as unfolded by Christ and His apostles, formally stated in the Articles of Religion embodied in this plan of organization, and expounded in Mr. Wesley's notes on the New Testament and the first fifty-two sermons published by him during his lifetime."

The Methodist Church in Japan will be modeled after the organization of the three uniting churches, and includes General, Annual, District and Quarterly Conferences with well defined duties and powers. The General Conference will meet quadrennially and be composed of an equal number of ministerial and lay delegates. The itinerant system is preserved, and an itinerant General Superintendency provided.

The following will indicate the duties and functions of the General Superintendent and presiding elder:

"1. The Kantoku (General Superintendent or Bishop) shall be elected by the General Conference for eight years, by ballot, without nomination or debate, and shall be eligible for re-election.

"2. In the appointing of the Bucho (presiding elder) each Annual Conference shall nominate by ballot, without debate, two for each district: a larger number if requested by the Kantoku, and from among those thus nominated the Kantoku shall appoint the necessary number.

"3. The appointments of the preachers to their respective charges shall be fixed by the Kantoku, after consultation with the Bucho in annual session. Vacancies shall be filled or necessary changes during the year be made by the Kantoku after consultation with the presiding elders concerned."

The First General Conference will meet in the city of Tokyo, Japan, May 1, 1907. Delegates to the same will be elected at the next session of the Annual Conferences. Commissioners representing the uniting churches will be present at this first General Conference to assist by counsel and consultation in the organization of the new church.

The Japan Methodist Church will begin its independent existence with a membership of about 11,650 and a native ministry of over one hundred. The churches in the United States and Canada will continue their active support of the work in Japan as heretofore, co-operating with the "Nippon Methodist Kyokwai."

A. B. LEONARD,  
W. R. LAMBETH,  
Secretaries.

## THE FAMILY DEPARTMENT

### The Old Church

MARY ELIZABETH CLOUD.

It was a quaint old church, with gabled front;  
Its roof with mosses grown.  
The westling wind  
Chanted low minor songs about the doors  
Or whispered through the boughs of the great elm.  
Along the creek, just at the village end,  
The odorous, tall, white pines answering.

So still the time, so soft the robin dreams  
In her light, cradled nest!

'Twas beautiful!

The twilight dropping as the star of eve  
Looked on the winding river-shore abloom  
With hanging bluebells and the briar-rose.

Twice the deep trumpet wound its call to prayer,  
As in the hushing of the Sabbath hour,  
At early candlelight, the village folk  
Came one by one, or some in quiet groups.  
Adown the mountain path, the stalwart youth  
Beside his maiden, some wild blossom clasped  
Upon her kerchief. So they gathered in.

Sweet, the old hymns in the old church,  
tonight!  
Sung from the heart, with simple, rustic skill—  
Glad choruses, clear, winging anthems.  
Now  
The pastor spoke of One who came to us,  
Lowly and loving; who for our sake  
Poured out His life; who lives and reigns  
for aye.  
The while the fires fell, each spoke to each  
Of the one Saviour Lord.

And there was one  
With clustering locks like the white haw-  
thorn flowers,—  
Soft halleluias burning on his lips;  
His lifted eyes, or misting now with tears,  
Or shining with the glory of the King.  
They did not hear the angels, yet around  
They swept with all their lutes ecstatic.

Dear, hallowed hour! None sweeter come  
to earth.  
'Twas long ago; the old church is no more;  
The folk come not together. Silently  
Or here or there one lingering they went  
From the old church, far up unto the King,  
To praise Him in the Temple Beautiful.

### Thoughts for the Thoughtful

#### Spiritual Fragrance

"Why are you so sweet?" was asked of the scented clay. "Oh, I was so long in the sweet society of the rose that I partook of the nature of the rose." Be much with Christ, and you will partake of the nature of Christ. Prize every opportunity to be with Him. Seek communion with Him. Being with Him, partaking of His nature, like Him you cannot be hid. Your influence will be good. You will live a spiritually fragrant life.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

#### The Flower of Joy

The white frost came into my garden, and struck my Flower of Joy. Oh! it was fair, and all the sweetness of the spring breathed from its cup, but now it lay blackened and withered, and my heart with it.

Then as I stood mourning, I heard another crying voice, and looking up, saw my neighbor in her garden, bending over her stricken plants, and weeping sore. I hastened to her. "Take courage!" I cried. "It may be that they are not wholly dead. Look! here a little green lingers along the leaves. Look again; here the sap flows. Take heart, and we will work together, you and I, if haply we may save them."

So I labored, and she with me, binding up, tending and watering, night and day; till at last life came back to her plants, first faltering, then flowing free; and they held up their heads and drank the sunshine, and opened bright and lovely to the day.

Then with her blessing warm at my heart, I turned me homeward. And oh! and oh! in the ruined garden where all lay black and prone, a thread of green, a tiny bud, a breath of spring upon the air. Glad woman, I fell on my knees, and stretched out trembling hands to where—faint and frail, yet fair with all the beauty of earth

and heaven—bloomed once more my Flower of Joy.—LAURA E. RICHARDS, in *Congregationalist*.

#### Joy and Sorrow

On Time's highway I toll, and with me twain  
Go ever onward; and my cup is filled,  
One moment, with Joy's drops all heaven distilled,  
Anon with weary Sorrow's tears and pain.  
Yet these are mingled. Joy still tastes of tears,  
And tears of laughter; and at times Joy's face  
Wears Sorrow's semblance for a little space.  
Betwixt conflicting lights of hopes and fears,  
My soul asks, trembling, "When I stand with Death  
Revealing larger life with Joy alone,  
Or Sorrow, lead my footsteps to the throne?"  
A voice within me cried—the Spirit's breath—  
"Nor Joy nor Sorrow, at thy soul's release,  
Awaits that unknown bliss: God's perfect peace."  
—Chambers' Journal.

#### Fear and Faith

A man stepped out of a crowded train on to a crowded platform when his day's work was done, and, as the lights were put out in the train and the empty carriages were hurried to their resting-place, he walked almost thoughtlessly through the well-lighted streets to greet the dear ones awaiting him at home. He had but little to say about himself and his journey, and nothing very wonderful seemed to have happened. He confessed that he had read the paper in the train, and he remembered and repeated some of the news. But he had not been in a fright about anything, not that he could remember; and why should he have been? He had traveled without Fear.

But beside him, trembling with terror, and marveling at his safety, stepped forth another man. He had traveled by the same train, but without Faith. At every moment he had been in an agony of fear. As the train dashed on, he saw a great

river ahead. "Ah!" he cried, "we shall all be drowned." But there came a bridge underneath the train when it reached this spot (there had been no bridge beneath it before), and the river was passed in safety. Again he looked out and beheld a mountain lying across the line and the train dashing right into it. "Ah! we shall be crushed," he cried. But, when they came to the mountain, there was a hollow tunnel round the train, and the man marveled at such unlooked-for good fortune; and so by this happy chance the train escaped with a magnificent snort through the mountain! But next, and when now the dreadful darkness was wrapping round them, he heard a shrieking whistle and another train dashed at full speed to meet them. "A collision, God help us!" he cried. But happily, just by a matter of a few feet, the trains steered clear of each other, yet he could have touched the other train with his hand. "That danger is over," he cried, and with shattered nerves fell back trembling in his seat. Suddenly a sound of grating and shivering beneath his feet, and looking up he saw yet another train and another and another and many more, some going this way, some that, and a great flare of lights and crowds of people rushing up, and the trains seemed dashing into the people. "My God, my God, have mercy on us now!" he cried. But the porter only said "All change." And by some unaccountable miracle there was his wife wheeling his Bath chair to the carriage door, and his shattered nerves were carefully laid in it and reached home safe from everything but themselves. Slowly under a good doctor's care it dawned upon him that his tears had been his folly; that the engine had had its master, and the train its path, the right path for it and the wrong for any other—a path laid down with rails of iron, over rivers and through mountains.

So, my friends, in the journeys of the soul, let us not be afraid, though the track hurries us toward the raging torrent or into the darkness of the mountain's night. God lays down a path for the soul. Let conscience but be heeded and God's signal-lights shall flash upon the soul and tell us when to pause and when to hasten. Around are countless others each on the lines of his own duty safe, and the guidance of the soul with each.—Wilfred Harris.

### VACATION DAYS AT LAKE SUNAPEE

MRS. ANNIE E. SMILEY.

FOURTEEN boats in a row off "Birch Point" reminds one of old days when the grounds off Hedgehog were the meeting place of the men of rod and reel. Jacob, the veteran fisherman of Lake Sunapee, led the way when, two or three summers ago, he moved his buoy to the new fishing grounds and anchored his time-seasoned boat between Birch Point and Blodgett's Landing.

For awhile it was "dry fishing," and even Jacob's "visions" failed to bring luck to the old fisherman. "But I hung," he said, "and I knew the fish was thar as well 's if I'd seen 'em swimmin' around."

At last success came, and it was told at "the Harbor" that Jake had "lost a salmon" on his new buoy. To "lose a



salmon" is greater glory than to catch a trout, and soon the fishermen began to gather around Jake.

Now, in this summer of 1906, the old fishing-grounds at "Hedgehog," "Scott's Cove," and "Split Rock" are being deserted in favor of the new grounds, and salmon and big trout are being caught in greater numbers than ever before. High water in the lake, and the strict game laws which are enforced to protect the fish, are the reasons given to explain the good fishing. Young Dr. Smith, who is as keen a sport as he is skillful dentist, caught his first salmon late Monday afternoon. He was anchored near Jacob's boat, and it had been "dry fishing" all day, when suddenly there was "something doing," and the reel began playing a tune that is music to the fisherman's ears. "You've got a big one," Jacob called out. "Don't snub him yet, or you'll lose him." This was the beginning of a battle that lasted half an hour, and then, with the aid of Jacob's dip-net, the fish was landed in the boat. It was a "Jack salmon," weighing eight pounds, and its overhanging lower jaw, with its hook-like projection which fitted into a little hollow in the upper jaw, were its distinguishing features. "I shall have it mounted," the doctor said, as he packed it in ice in order to take it home with him, for his vacation was over.

"Why do you always write about the fishing at Lake Sunapee, and say so little of the beautiful scenery?" some beauty-loving friend sometimes asks me.

I am reminded of a young girl from New York who came to Lake Sunapee a few summers ago, and climbed Hedgehog Hill to get the view of lake and mountain that can be seen from its summit.

"Did you find any red raspberries?" her friend asked her, when she came back to the cottage.

"I couldn't be thinking of raspberries when there was such glorious scenery," she said, and her friend felt duly rebuked.

So, though there are red raspberries, and bronze-green and yellowish-pink salmon, and silver-white and rainbow trout, with now and then a "native" spotted beauty, there is also "glorious scenery" at Lake Sunapee.

### The Changing View-point

TWO women sat together late one autumn afternoon, and the older of the two was instructing the other in the ways of bead-making. The beads lay all about, in a profusion of color.

The young girl followed the pattern critically and gave close attention. "Harriet," she exclaimed, suddenly, "I don't see why you are putting that color in; it doesn't seem to belong there."

Harriet smiled and went on with the work.

The young girl watched. A moment later she said, "Oh, yes, I see now. It did not seem to be right, when I spoke, but it fitted in with what came after."

The visitor took her departure; twilight came on, and the older of the young women sat thinking. She had read the eighth chapter of Romans that morning. The twenty-eighth verse reiterated itself in her mind: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His

purpose." "It fitted in with what came after," she repeated. Hard and trying experiences had been hers; she wondered why God had given them to her, for she felt that she had not needed such discipline. Yet she bowed her head in submission and tried to learn the lessons brought by affliction. Perhaps they were to fit her for something coming "after," something in the future of which she knew nothing.

God holds the pattern of our lives, and we need not be anxious or worry, only trust. The last bit of weaving in the pattern may not seem to harmonize. Be patient; the perfect pattern will be worked out in time, and even the next thread may bring out the beauty of the one before, and show the wisdom of the Maker.

"When I was a young girl," said a gray-haired woman, "my grandmother came to live with us, and was with us for a year of feeble health before her death. Her coming upset many of my young plans and spoiled much of my girlish happiness. She was narrow-minded, cranky, and hard to please. I used often to think that if only grandmother were not with us, I should never be irritable, and could be sweet and agreeable like many of my girl friends. Much of the pleasure that the other girls had was denied me because of her presence in our home. But gradually I learned to accept things as they were, to be patient with her, and to look for what was lovable.

"When I married, my husband's mother came to live with us, so much more peevish and unreasonable than my grandmother, that had it not been for my early experience I could not have endured it, and would have made myself and my husband miserable. As it was, our love for each other was strengthened daily by the patience and forbearance which we saw in each other, and I have thanked God many a time for the early training which saved me from ruining our happy home."

Perhaps this sharp trial and that disappointment, this upset plan and that "thorn in the flesh," are unexplainable, but we shall some day see that each had its place in the pattern of our lives. Should the sight come only with the finished design, we may still leave it all to the great Designer, our Lord and Master, and go trustingly on, with a "clean and thankful heart, from every murmur free." — GRACE WILLIS, in *Northwestern*.

### SWEETBRIAR LIVES

The garden has many roses,

But only one is there

Whose leaves as well as its petals

Exhale a fragrance rare.

The hero is like the rose bloom,

But beside him, lowlier strives

The life with the everyday fragrance:

Such are the sweetbriar lives.

Some of the garden's roses

Die with the dying year,

But the sweetbriar keeps on growing

And is here when the spring is here.

And some lives, thank God, perennial,

Close to the house door grow

And spring would be winter without them,

For their hearts bring the spring, you know.

Some worship the hothouse roses,

Gold buys their velvet blooms;

They nod on the bosom of Beauty,

They scent the stateliest rooms.

But the sweetbriar goes not to market,

In the crowd it asks no part,

Yet a man may love the sweetbriar

And wear it on his heart.

— WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH, in *Congregationalist*.

### VITALLY ATTRACTIVE

GEORGE E. WALSH.

"HOW do you keep so cheerful all the time?" queries one mother of another.

"I don't know," is frequently the reply. "I'm just happy all the time, and show it, I suppose, in my manners."

Nearly everybody envies such a sunny mother, and various are the causes attributed for her cheerful disposition. The weak, tired, overworked little woman who struggles faithfully to imitate her more fortunate sister wonders why it is she fails to reach the same high level. Many a good resolution has been made to carry only cheerful words and smiles into the day's life and work, but some twinge of pain or wearing away of strength has made the attempt to appear cheerful almost a tragedy.

After making due allowances for strength of purpose and a determination to look on the bright side of life, the majority of those mothers who always prove so vitally attractive owe it to their superb physical health. To be healthy is usually to be happy. Health stands before wealth and possessions of all kinds. The lack of it has ruined many homes and soured many dispositions. Fortunate indeed is she who, in spite of ill health, always proves sunny and cheerful in disposition; but to few of us is given such self-control and fortitude.

The vitally attractive mother is one to lean upon and to meet often. She enthralls others, lifts the burdens from weary shoulders, and makes life pleasant for all. She is one to inspire others to greater ambitions, and to turn failure into success. It is a gift that all desire, and very few possess.

How much can one acquire of this attractiveness? Can a mother burdened with household cares and duties beyond her strength find time to cultivate an even disposition, a cheerful temper, and a kindly smile for the world? Can a mother of a home make work secondary to her desire so live a spiritual and uplifting life that will influence all who come in contact with her?

Certainly not unless the secret of good health and cheerful living can be discovered, the habit of worry overcome, and one learns to conserve strength and not to waste and dissipate it. With perfect health it is easy to be happy, cheerful and sunny. It does not come hard to such people to be entertaining in the home or out of it. But to be happy and cheerful, though an invalid, or, at least, weak and sickly most of the time, is a triumph of spirit over flesh.

It can be accomplished; and in the accomplishment the true enjoyment of life is found. Doing for others often removes a cloud from the mind, and opens new vistas of happiness. Tired and exhausted physically, one may allow the spirit to grow weak and slovenly. The whole character degenerates, and a wrong perspective of life daily appears to the mind. Work is a blessing, but not when it grinds down body and soul. When it gets to that point, it is time for a rest and change; and no worker has ever lost in the long run by taking rest and change to prevent exhaustion. After the rest labor

seems easy and sweet again, and twice as much is accomplished. The physical and mental rest through the day which strengthens mind and body should not be more neglected than the daily nourishment. "No time to take it," some will exclaim. Then make the time! It is a more important duty to do this than to slave at work which kills. Many a woman retains a large measure of her youthfulness through the habit of resting a few minutes when tired. If one takes a walk, and rests a few minutes at the end of each mile, she can endure longer, and travel further, than another who never lessens the strain until the day's journey is done. So the mother who rests mind and body at intervals through the day regains and maintains her health and strength.

New York City.

### About Women

— The Empress of Japan has presented 984 artificial eyes and 1,797 artificial limbs to soldiers maimed during the Russo Japanese war.

— Queen Alexandra never wears osprey feathers, and has written to the Duchess of Portland that she will do all she can to discourage the cruelty practiced upon these beautiful birds. She has also given the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds full permission to use her name in any way that may conduce to that object.

— Mrs. Ogden McClurg, of Chicago, a daughter-in-law of the late General A. C. McClurg, has received final papers as pilot and master on the Great Lakes. She is the first woman to receive such papers. Mrs. McClurg is now the captain of the "Sea Fox," the McClurg steam yacht, a boat of 74 tons.

— All lovers of Dickens will be interested to learn that the original of Little Dorrit is still alive. She is Mrs. Cooper, the sister of Dickens' school chum and his playmate in the days when she was Mary Ann Milton. She has lived for more than half a century in the south of England, and, though now more than ninety years of age, she still retains full possession of all her faculties.

— An English woman, Mrs. Agnes Lewis, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D., is the only woman who has received the degree of D. D. This honor was conferred upon her in recognition of her discoveries and labors in deciphering ancient manuscripts of the Bible which she found in a monastery on Mt. Sinai. Mrs. Lewis is a Presbyterian. She is one of the most noted of biblical scholars.

— Dr. Sophronie Fletcher, the oldest woman physician in the country, and perhaps in the world, who died last week at her home in Cambridge, was the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier. She was born in Alstead, N. H., in 1808, and was graduated in 1854 in the first class of the Boston Female Medical College, which afterward became a part of Boston University. Dr. Fletcher was the first woman instructor at Mt. Holyoke College, where she held the chair of physiology over fifty years ago.

— Lady Curzon, who died so recently, was Mary Victoria Leiter, and was born in Chicago in 1870, the daughter of a wealthy Chicago capitalist. Her education as a girl was very simple, but she had the best of instruction, and soon became a favorite in Washington society. In 1895 she married George Nathaniel Curzon, eldest son of Lord Scarsdale, who had gained considerable fame by a series of papers that finally made him a prize medalist of the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. Curzon on his appointment as viceroy of India was raised to the peerage as Baron Curzon of Kedleston. Lady Curzon presided at the head of English society in India with great charm. She was in many respects an admirable type of American womanhood, and is said to have been the only American girl whom Queen Victoria ever saluted with the royal kiss on either cheek.

— Recently there was unveiled at Mt. Holyoke College a new portrait of Mary Lyon, painted by Miss Louise Rogers Jewett, pro-

fessor of art in that institution. In the year 1845 Miss Lyon sat for a daguerreotype, which she gave to one of her pupils who was going as a missionary to India. The existence of this little picture was unknown or forgotten until 1904, when the daughter of the missionary returned to this country and brought it with her. From it the new portrait has been made. In an address made at the unveiling, Dr. Edward Hitchcock, the only member of the present board of trustees who ever knew Miss Lyon, pronounced the portrait "the most natural picture of Mary Lyon that has ever been made."

— Mrs. E. E. Tutt, electrical engineer, with her daughter, Miss Margaret Tutt, has gone to the Philippines. Mrs. Tutt has installed and operated several power plants in different towns in the southern part of California. She does not undertake the construction of any plants except those in which she is interested, and instead of employing some one to manage the work, she assumes active charge and carries the work through to a successful end. She became interested in electrical work about eleven years ago.

### A Happy Afterthought

THE story of a proposal by telephone is recorded by a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Pete, a colored youth, was very bashful, and having decided, first, that he wanted Miss Johnson for his wife, and, second, that he dared not ask her in person, he had recourse to the telephone. He rang her up at the house of her employer, and inquired:

"Is dat you, Miss Johnson?"

"Yaas," came the reply.

"Well, Miss Johnson, I's got a mos' important question to ask you."

"Yaas."

"Will you marry me, Miss Johnson?"

"Yaas. Who is it, please?"

### Appearances were Deceiving

THE Misses White were calling on a new neighbor, and while they were awaiting her appearance a little girl came into the room, evidently bent upon the rescue of a doll recently abandoned there. Naturally she was viewed with some curiosity, and one of the callers, thinking herself secure in the child's obviously tender age, spelled a low-voiced comment, "Not very p r e-t-t y!" To her horror the small maiden paused on the threshold, and, looking contemptuously at the culprit, remarked, with lofty composure: "No, not very p r e-t-t y, but rather s m a r-t." — *Ladies' Home Journal*.

### A Woman's Demands

"WELL, first of all she wanted your father — every minute of him, every thought, every heart-beat. He couldn't give it to her, my dear. No man could. I tell you I have lived to a great age, and I have known great people, and I have never seen the man yet who could give a woman all the love she wanted." — From Glasgow's, "The Wheel of Life."

— There is a saying current in the city of New York to this effect: "You can always tell a Boston man, but you can't tell him much."

## The Girl That Wasn't Wanted

KATE UPSON CLARK.

### CHAPTER VI

#### Birds and a Swim

"NOW I hate to dash your hopes, Robert," said his mother kindly, "and I especially dislike to hinder the progress of science; but when your father was up here last Sunday we talked over the birds and we agreed that it was going to be impossible to take them back to the city. As for catching any more, we are utterly unwilling to have you undertake it. The birds are getting pretty large now, and I can see plainly that they will soon be flying away, unless you build a much larger cage and keep them in it all the time. In that case you can probably leave them here over the winter. But Mrs. Wellman ought not to be asked to take care of them for nothing."

"I don't see how we can make scientific observations upon them when they are up here and we are down there," commented Robert, bitterly.

"I supposed," said his mother, "that you would be able to get enough scientific knowledge out of them this summer."

"Mother!" expostulated Robert, struggling to conceal his emotion at discovering this inadequate notion of his scheme. "In order really to make proper observations upon them we should have them with us for a year at least. Well, if they should be set free in the woods again now, they would surely die. All the authorities agree that birds once tamed are terribly persecuted by the wild ones, if the tame ones take to wild ways again. It seems as if I couldn't stand it to see my birds pecked at and tormented. I—I really couldn't."

"Nor I," echoed Kirk.

"Well, cheer up!" cried their mother.

"Your birds are not tame enough to hurt them much, I fancy. I notice that they are getting able to fly into the very top of the butternut tree, and that they don't seem to want to come in when you whistle for them at night. They are picking up a good deal to eat, too, I observe. And, by the way, Robert, it seems to me that their cough grows worse. You see those nights under that dreadful comfortable weakened their lungs and —"

"Now, mother," protested Robert, priggishly, "that is your opinion; but Kirk and I don't in the least agree with you. This is the way it seems to us: they had become used to that nice warm covering, and when you made us take that little gauzy thing to throw over them they just couldn't stand it — this mountain air is so chilly, you know —"

"We will not discuss the matter further," said Mrs. Curry, in the voice which always hushed the boys.

"I just want to remind you," ventured Robert, pathetically, "that we did the way you told us, and our birds' colds are worse, and it has been an expensive thing for us. Kirk and I have spent fifty cents for homeopathic medicine for those colds. We feed each bird a pellet an hour — sometimes more. Our second vial is almost gone, and unless Max lets us have some of that precious thirty-seven cents of his" — looking at Max with withering contempt — "I expect both of those birds will die with the consumption. Birds do."

"Possibly, if you should let your birds go free entirely, especially at night," suggested Mrs. Curry, heartlessly, "they might get well."



"Mother Curry!" exclaimed both of the boys, with horror. They spoke much as a civilized man might who was listening to the ravings of a Hottentot.

Two or three nights after this a hard rain came up just as it was time to put the birds into their cage for the night. The three boys hurried out to capture them, but all their coaxing and whistling were of no avail. The birds seemed to enjoy the storm, and they did not desire, apparently, to return to the charming cage which their young masters had provided for them.

"Hi! Shem's gone up on the ridge pole!" shouted Kirk, bursting, dripping, into the kitchen, and leaving a little puddle with each step he took. "Don't stop me, mother! Yes, I know I'm all wet, but I've got to climb out of the L window to get that bird!"

No sooner had Kirk fairly reached the roof than off darted Shem into the very top of the butternut tree. Max, who was a famous climber, "shinned" up after it, only to see it soar away just as he was about to grasp it.

Ungrateful robins! It was not until half an hour of such chasing that the naughty wanderers were finally captured and put safely away under their "gauzy" canopy for the night. The boys came in breathless, completely soaked through, and very cross. They were immediately given some hot ginger tea and put to bed. Their drenched clothing was hung to dry on a line in the kitchen.

The next day they picked sixteen quarts of berries. It was a good year, and the pastures around the Wellmans were red with raspberries. When the boys found that their berries sold readily in the village for ten cents a quart, the prospect of wealth just ahead quite dazzled them.

"I believe there's more money in picking berries than there is in raising birds," Kirk was overheard to say to Robert. "There may not be so much science about it, but it's fully as easy. This dragging to the village for meat for those birds, and climbing all over creation for them at night are enough to wear a fellow — three fellows — to a frazzle."

"I wonder how they really would stand it to stay out all night?" mused Robert.

"Well, I'm not going through any such performance again as I went through with last night, not for anybody," declared Kirk.

"As mother said, they are truly feeding themselves a good deal lately. Have you noticed it? There's twice as much meat left at night as there used to be."

"Is it really true that the wild birds would hurt them if they went back to the woods, Robert?"

"The books say so; but these learned men don't always get everything right. I wonder if their coughs actually would get well if they should stay outdoors all the time."

"Well, mother knows a lot about keeping boys healthy," admitted Kirk. "Everybody says there never was a healthier lot of boys than we are. Say, let's leave the birds out tonight."

"All right," consented Robert, after a pause.

"I suppose," reflected Kirk with a sigh, "that if we should really let them go for good, mother would chaff us no end about our 'scientific investigations' and our birds' colds, and the wild birds pecking at them, and all that."

"You be sure she would," groaned Robert; "but we might try it just for tonight. My! won't we make a lot of money with our berries tomorrow!"

In fact, the birds were left out for several nights, and they were fed very irregularly for the next fortnight. It was due

largely to Marianna that they were fed at all; but they did not seem to suffer.

In the meantime the berry business was flourishing, and Mrs. Curry was biding her time.

One morning at breakfast she remarked innocently: "I see you have been leaving your birds out several nights."

"Y-e-s," replied Robert.

"I trust that they have sustained no harm," went on Mrs. Curry, solicitously. "How are their colds?"

"They seem no worse, thank you" — this with marked dignity.

As they left the breakfast room Shem and Japheth, who had been seen scarcely at all during the last two days, flew down and alighted upon the stone wall under the butternut tree. The boys recognized them instantly, and hastened to offer them some food, which was graciously accepted. Several other birds sat up in the tree and looked enviously on.

Mrs. Curry, with Marianna and Val, watched this pretty scene smilingly from the door.

"It is very nice to see the birds again," said Mrs. Curry, advancing toward the wall carefully through the dewy grass. "I don't observe any signs of cold about them, Robert."

"No," admitted Robert, reddening, but laughing a little in spite of himself; "they don't seem to wheeze any more."

"And they seem to agree most harmoniously with their companions up in the tree," pursued Mrs. Curry.

"Come now, mother," protested Robert. "I know what you mean; but really, our birds were not so very, very tame. You will acknowledge that."

Max could not bear to have Robert or Kirk scolded or made fun of. He could not quite grasp all of his mother's satire, but he felt sure that she was ridiculing his precious brothers.

"Anyhow, mother," he burst in now with some heat, "we had a lot of fun with the birds, an' we learned a lot, and we're scientificker'n we were, ain't we, Robert?"

Everybody laughed — and the incident of Ham, Shem and Japheth, in the flood (as it were) of succeeding events, was almost forgotten.

The weather up to this time had continued very cool, and the swimming had been neglected; but as July wore along the heat increased, and one day, as the boys were starting down to the village with their berries, Robert said suddenly: "There! we came near forgetting our tights and towels again! We're going to have a swim on the way home, mother."

"Oh, how fine!" cried Marianna. "May I go, too?"

Kirk gave Robert a weary look.

"Why, can you swim, my dear?" asked her aunt in surprise.

"Yes, I learned when I was a mere baby," returned Marianna, brightly. "My father always took me into the water with him, and I could swim as fast and as far as he could."

Kirk's big, bright eyes looked distinctly incredulous, but Robert said politely: "I suppose you can put on your bathing suit at Mrs. Warren's house. She lives close by the place where we go in. We can stay in only twenty minutes, according to mother's rules."

"They think twenty minutes means half an hour," laughed Mrs. Curry. "I hope you will give them a better idea of time."

"But the place we go in is down by the village, you know," continued Robert. "You'll have to ride down, of course."

"I don't know why," responded Marianna, with spirit; "you have seen me walk to the village."

"Yes, but not when you were going in swimming," said Robert, paternally. "It's hard work, swimming is, especially when you go in for the first time after a long rest. Maybe we can't have Put, but we can have Old Hundred almost any time."

Put was Mr. Wellman's best horse, and was so called on account of his color, which resembled that of putty. Old Hundred was aged and infirm, and had a cheerful little habit of falling down and all over himself. His name, therefore, needs no explanation.

"I truly would rather walk," protested Marianna. "You see if I can't do it all without getting any tired than you boys. I am almost as tall and almost as old as you are, Robert, and maybe I can swim as well. All that girls need is just to be taught things. Just show them how, and they can do almost anything."

Marianna had not quite fathomed the extent of her cousins' contempt for girls, but in a vague way she felt that they did not understand her, and did not do her justice.

"You certainly seem very well," admitted her aunt, kindly, "and you say you have never been sick in your life. Now be very careful and try not to overexert yourself. You can visit with Aunt Teresa while the boys are selling their berries."

Marianna was delighted with the prospect of an excursion with the boys. They had given her small chance to share in their "bird studies," though she had helped them in many small ways. She now made herself so agreeable on the way to the village that they had a merry time, and even Kirk began to like her.

He little thought, even when he saw how well and strongly she could swim, that within a very few days he and all the others would have good cause to bless the day which brought her to them.

Continued next week

### His Letter

WHEN Willie Blank was at the seashore last summer, his father wrote to him quite frequently, and in each letter enclosed ten cents or a quarter to add to the little lad's pleasure. Willie was no letter writer; but one day he managed to compose the following comprehensive epistle, which was sent to his father:

DEARE PAPA: I got all your letters, and you have put some munny in each one of them. Please write oftener. Your loving son,

WILLIAM.

— *Woman's Home Companion.*

### A CHILD'S HYMN

Now the day of work is done,  
Now the quiet night's begun,  
And I lay my tired head  
Safe within my little bed.  
Saviour, hear me;  
Be Thou near me;  
Let me now Thy mercy find!

I can see from where I lie,  
Glitt'ring in the dark blue sky,  
Here and there a little star  
Shining out so clear and high.

Saviour, hear me;  
Be Thou near me;  
Keep me safe beneath Thine eye!

Thou art loving me above,  
And I love Thee for Thy love;  
Thou didst leave Thy throne on high  
And for me came down to die.

Thou wilt hear me,  
And be near me;  
I am safe when Thou art nigh.

— *Children's Companion.*

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

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### Lesson VII --- August 12

#### PARABLE OF THE TWO SONS

LUKE 15: 11-32.

TIME. — Winter of A. D. 29-30 (probably January A. D. 30); soon after the teaching of Lesson VI.

PLACE. — Probably Perea, "beyond Jordan."

HOME READINGS. — Monday (Aug. 6). — Luke 15: 1-10. Tuesday — Luke 15: 11-24. Wednesday — Luke 15: 25-32. Thursday — Jer. 2: 9-19. Friday — Ezek. 18: 26-32. Saturday — Hos. 14. Sunday — 2 Chron. 33: 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT. — "Return unto Me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord." — MAL. 1: 7.

Moral distances are greater and more impassable than distances in space. And one physically near at hand may be, as to sympathy and affection, very far off. There is a man whom you pass every day on the street. But between you and him there is a great gulf fixed over which neither of you ever passes. Your souls live in different worlds. There is another person from whom you are separated by a continent or the stretch of a great sea. But nevertheless you live in fellowship and sympathy, and to each the presence of the other seems always at hand. And so we may put leagues of spiritual distance between us while we continue to live in the same community. We say of people sometimes: "They have become alienated." That is, they have become as aliens to each other, as if they lived in different countries. And so they do — in different moral countries. And so we may put distance between us and God. Not space-distance, for God is everywhere. He is just as near in space to the most inveterate sinner as to the whitest saint. But in moral measurement we may separate ourselves indefinitely from God. In consciousness of His presence; in sympathy with His character; in gratitude for His goodness; in interest in His work; in likeness to His image; in conformity to His will — how far men depart from God! Every sin is a long stride away from Him; every evil passion indulged gives momentum to the soul's flight from Him. The first step of departure may have been a very slight thing. But the important thing about it was its direction. It was away from God.

#### The Meaning Made Plain

I. *The Younger Son a Prodigal* (Verses 11-13). — 11. Our Lord has just given the parables of the Lost Sheep and the Lost Coin. That of the Prodigal Son "completes the trilogy of these parables of grace." The words, "And he said," with which it begins, are not to be taken as implying that days or hours had passed since His delivery of the other two parables. All three show the love of God seeking the lost; the first two point to the divine side; this parable emphasizes also the human side. No such picture of the attitude toward God of publicans and sinners, repentant and unrepentant, and of Pharisees, can be found elsewhere. Much gracious truth is missed when the second part of the story is omitted. A certain man had two sons — rep-

resenting the two general classes mentioned in the first two verses of this chapter, "those who were careful and those who were careless as to their religious and moral obligations."

12. The younger of them said . . . Father, give . . . portion . . . falleth to me. — According to Jewish law the younger son's share in the estate would on his father's death be half as large as the elder's, one third of the entire estate (Deut. 21: 17). Whether or not he could claim this, or a proportion of it, at his majority, is not certain. "In very ancient society (both Semitic and Aryan) it was customary for a father, when his powers were failing, to abdicate and surrender his property to his sons. In such cases the sons were bound to give the father maintenance; but the act of resignation was otherwise complete and irrevocable. The son of Sirach warns his readers against being in a hurry to abdicate (Ecclus. 33: 19-23), but he seems to assume that it will be done before death" (Plummer). It may be, therefore, that the younger son was merely asking his father to abdicate — an unfilial, but not unheard-of act. But this explanation of the younger son's act requires a special explanation of the later conduct and words of the elder son.

13. Not many days after. — He is impatient to be free from the restraints of his father's house. Gathered all together. — He is consistently selfish. Into a far country. — "Away from the Father's tender care," where none would restrain his self-indulgence or criticize his excesses. "Alexandria or Corinth or Rome would perhaps be thought of by those who heard the parable." Already the publicans of Galilee and Judea were socially and religiously living in a "far country" — as aloof from the Pharisees and scribes as if in another zone. "A publican in our Lord's day would have felt as much out of place in a synagogue as a liquor-dealer would feel nowadays in a prayer-meeting" (Buell). Wasted his substance — literally, "scattered" the results of his father's life of thrift. From the Greek word for "riotous living" our word "sot" is derived. It means "a spendthrift, a prodigal." "Free rein was now given to every passion, until nothing was left; to this undisciplined freedom comes" (Bruce).

II. *The Younger Son a Penitent* (Verses 14-19). — 14. When he had spent all . . . mighty famine in that land ["country"]. — "The working of Providence is manifested in such coincidences." Famines are frequent in the Orient, brought about by the scarcity and irregularity of rains, the poverty and shiftlessness of the overcrowded population, and misgovernment. In want — the "mighty famine" of the country at large soon settled in his own frame. His lavish expenditure had not gained him one friend on whom he could now depend.

15. He went — homeward? Not yet; he must suffer still more before he learns thoroughly the lessons of penitence. Joined himself to — sought employment of. Evidently his services were not needed nor desired; but he stuck to the rich "citizen." The Greek verb here used is allied to our word "glue." This citizen was presumably a Gentile and a heathen. Into his fields to feed swine — humble employment at best; an unspeakable degradation to a Jew, who had been trained to regard swine as an abomination. But even this humiliation failed to secure him enough to eat.

16. He would fain. — The imperfect tense shows that the desire was continual. The "husks" were pods of the carob tree or "locust tree" (*ceratonia siliqua*), containing

a sweetish pulp and brown seeds. They are good for pigs, but indigestible and un-nutritious for human beings. No man gave unto him. — Not that the husks were denied him, but that when eaten they did him no good; and his master and every one else were so engrossed by their own needs that the "foreign drudge" was let starve.

17. Came to himself. — He had been "beside himself." How many hired servants, etc. — An intimation of the wealthy condition in which he had been brought up. He was now far beneath those whom he used to regard as beneath him. I perish [insert "here"] with hunger. — Often the first motive which prompts to repentance is the lowest one. "The prodigal's emphasis on the first personal pronoun reveals a lurking consciousness of sonship."

18. I will arise . . . go . . . father. — "Want rekindles the desire for home which revelry had extinguished." The young man's motives are not yet the very highest, but his motions are in the right direction. Acts make character. "Though bread is as yet the supreme consideration, foretokens of true ethical repentance appear in this premeditated speech" (Bruce). Father, I have sinned against heaven — rather, "unto heaven," a crime that reaches heaven-high. And before thee ["in thy sight"] — or, in thy judgment. He knows that he has acted as a fool, and he is sure that his father knows it.

19. No more worthy to be called thy son. — The young man, by insisting on the division of the property, had legally and morally forfeited all filial claims.

III. *The Forgiving Father* (Verses 20-24). — 20. He arose. After making his resolution he no longer clung to the pods and the pigs, nor to any hope that the famine would soon end and good fortune return. Came to his father — literally, "toward his own father." He did not know yet whether or not they could meet. But when he was yet a great way off ["while he was yet afar off"], his father saw him. — Long has the father been looking for him. And had ["was moved with"] compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck,

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and kissed him—intensity of emotion quivers in every phrase. "As yet the son has said nothing, and the father does not know in what spirit he has returned; but it is enough that he has returned."

21. Son said—what he had planned to say. Our Lord always emphasizes the sonship of publicans and sinners. Zaccheus (Luke 19: 9), though a taxgatherer, is a son of Abraham.

22. The father said . . . Bring forth [insert "quickly"] the best robe—literally, "the first robe." Bring the robe first in honor, kept for the noblest guest; and be quick about it. Ring on his hand . . . shoes on his feet.—All these betokened the bestowal of his old position in the family as the son, above the "hired servants."

23. Bring hither [omit "hither"] the fatted calf, and kill it.—The warm climate and simple manners of the East require meat to be eaten very soon after being killed. Eat and be merry ["make merry"]—Jesus often represents religion by the metaphor of a feast, never by that of a funeral.

24. For this my son was dead, and is alive again, etc.—"Note the rhythmical cadence of this refrain, which is repeated in verse 32." Began to be merry—just began the festivities when an unlooked-for interruption came.

IV. *The Elder Son's Sense of Injustice.* (Verses 25-30).—25. His elder son "plays the ignoble part of wet blanket on this glad day" (Bruce). He represents Pharisees—modern Christian Pharisees as well as ancient Jewish ones. Was in the field—doing his routine duty. "A correct, exemplary man, only in his wisdom and virtue cold and merciless to men of another sort." As he . . . drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.—"The merriment was in full swing." The Greek word translated music "almost certainly means a band of players or singers, and probably of flute-players." The music and dancing of a Palestinian feast would be furnished either by traveling performers for pay, or, in great establishments, by trained slaves.

26. Asked what these things meant ["inquired what these things might be"].—There is a tone of disapproval in his inquiry; for he is proprietor now.

27. And he said . . . Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, etc.—The servant tells the dry facts without comment, as was becoming.

28. And [But] he was angry—"probably a very slight description of his state of mind, into which various bad feelings would enter: disgust, chagrin, that all this merriment had been going on (for hours, perhaps), and they had not thought it worth while to let him know; a sense of wrong and general unfair treatment of which this particular neglect was but a specimen." Therefore came his father out ["and his father came out"], and entreated him.—"The father treats both sons with equal tenderness; but the elder son has got a chance to complain, and he makes the most of it in his bitter speech to his father."

29. Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment ["and I never transgressed a commandment of thine."—This whole speech shows a low and servile view of his relation to his father. Keep the Pharisee, past and present, in mind. Thou never gavest me a kid, etc. The kid is mentioned in bitter contrast to the fatted calf. He ignores his present possession of two-thirds of the estate, and goes back in criticism over the years of "service."

There had been no recognition of the festive element in his life.

30. As soon as this thy son was come ["when this thy son came"]—a very contemptuous expression. Which—"Who." Hath devoured thy living with harlots—"the worst said in the coarsest way." Thou hast killed—"thou killedst."

V. *The Forgiving Father's Explanation.* (Verses 31, 32).—31. And he said unto him—the father said to his oldest boy. Son—a form of address more endearing in the Greek than even in English. Thou art ever with me—what he has today, you have always. All that I have is thine ["all that is mine is thine"].—"If he wanted entertainments he might always have them; the property had been apportioned." We are many of us prone to forget that we are not wronged when others are treated with generosity.

32. The Revision begins this verse with "But." "There is not, after all, any question of recompense, but of joy." It was meet that we should make ["to make"] merry and be glad.—"To be merry and glad was our bounden duty." This thy brother was lost to you (as a brother) as really as he was to me (as a son). Was dead, and is alive again; was lost and is found—see verse 24.

"Not the least skillful touch in this exquisite parable is that it ends here. We are not told whether the elder brother at last went in and rejoiced with the rest. And we are not told how the younger one behaved afterward. Both those events were still in the future, and both agents were left free. One purpose of the parable was to induce the Pharisees to come in and claim their share of the Father's affection and of the heavenly joy. Another was to prove to the outcasts and sinners with what generous love they had been welcomed (Plummer).

#### Nails for the Teacher's Hammer

1. *Whatever comes to pass in later years, every person belongs to the heavenly Father's family at the beginning.* There were two sons, and they dwelt in their father's house together until one deliberately left. Neither was a prodigal at the beginning, neither need ever have become a prodigal. This fact should be kept clearly in mind now. Children are not aliens and outcasts to begin with. They belong to the kingdom of God when they are born, and they may remain in the kingdom if they will. It is no more necessary that a child should forsake God than that it should forsake its earthly parents, and the one should be regarded as just as unnatural as the other. And consequently returning to the Father's house is unnecessary, indeed, impossible, except for those who have gone away. It is false to the facts if we treat children as if they had forsaken God. Our business is to show them how much better it is to stay in their heavenly Father's home.

2. *The world is divided into two classes, the obedient and the disobedient.* "A certain man had two sons"—always two sons, for the purpose of marking moral distinctions. So another parable (Matt. 21: 28) opens, and in that case, as in this of the lesson, one son was willful and the other was obedient. No other distinctions have any moral importance. Race differences do not divide the moral ranks; social differences are immaterial; wealth is a mere accident; intellectual endowments and attainments are superficial. But the attitude of the will toward God determines moral classification. Everything is involved in obedience or disobedience. "He that is not for Me is against Me," said Christ, "and he that gathereth not, scattereth abroad." Two classes, and only two—the wise and the unwise—those who hear the sayings of Christ and do them, and those who hear and do them not—the obedient and the disobedient.

3. *Every sinner carries with him into his life of sin the goods of his heavenly Father.* The prodigal took with him into his prodigality the

#### A LETTER TO OUR READERS

53 COTTAGE ST., MELROSE, MASS.

DEAR SIR: Jan. 11, 1904.

Ever since I was in the army I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the past year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed; my strength and power were fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root, and wrote, asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time.

I continued its use, and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water today, and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition.

I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable, and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery, and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers, I am

Very truly yours,

I. C. RICHARDSON.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

goods which his father gave him. Prodigals still do the same. God gives and does not take away except as we lose and waste through unfaithfulness. The body which the sinner debases to unholy uses is the gift of God. How utterly do many waste their bodies in riotous living! And the mind which is employed in works of wickedness is also the great gift of God. Who can estimate the value of the intellect with its marvelous faculties? But the unrighteous man takes these powers and wastes them in the pursuits of sin. It should shame the sinner to consider that all the resources of his guilty life are the gifts of God—gifts intended for holy employment, but which he is perverting and misapplying.

4. *A life of sin is irrational, and repentance is a return to sanity.* The prodigal "came to himself." His whole course must have seemed to him a fool's course. Not in the contemptuous sense in which we use the word fool, but as implying the utter absence of moral wisdom. Jesus said of the man in the parable, "Thou fool." In the parable of the Ten Virgins "five were foolish." A son who leaves a good home certainly tramples on reason. Every way sin is irrational. It is rebellion against God, and that is madness. It is throwing away the highest and best things of life for the lowest. It is an inversion of things, making the bodily life supreme and the soul-life subordinate. It proceeds upon the assumption that God can be mocked, that a good harvest can be reaped from an evil sowing. If we could only hope that the hell of the future might be a kind of asylum for the spiritually insane in which they will be restored!

5. *God is more generous with repentant sinners than are many Christians.* The elder brother in this parable stood for the representatives of the Jewish church, who protested against Christ's recognition of "publicans and sinners." But even now many Christians would object to bringing into the membership of the church, however repentant they might be, such disreputable sinners as Jesus saved. But Jesus is still telling us that heaven rejoices greatly "over one sinner that repenteth." The Father makes feast and festival for every son who returns, however low may have been the level to which he fell. The interest and joy we feel in the recovery of sinners is the test of our sympathy with the spirit of Christ.

## EPWORTH LEAGUE PAGE

Edited by Rev. G. F. Durgin.

THE excellent report of the Weirs Convention, published two weeks ago, was written by Rev. E. C. E. Dorion, an enthusiastic Epworthian, an experienced journalist, and the very successful pastor of our church at Plymouth, N. H.

The Weirs Convention was certainly a very good one, and must have been profit-



REV. E. S. TASKER  
First Vice-President

able to all who attended. The registering of more than three hundred delegates seemed very satisfactory. But the meeting is open to some observations of a critical nature: Three hundred delegates from more than six hundred chapters makes but small representation. The reach of this convention was certainly not long, and it is doubtful if its influence will touch many of the chapters to be in any way helpful in the local work. The wonderment is aroused if in any way the biennial convention can be made to reach more of the chapters and become more helpful in stimulating the workers at home. The local



MR. C. S. ANDREWS  
Third Vice-President

work is of first importance, and any convention that does not increase the efficiency thereof is well-nigh useless. Then the program, which was excellent, was suggestive of thoughtfulness. The leading

parts were taken by the old "war horses" of Epworth League convention work; the same names that appeared more than ten years ago on the programs appeared this year, and with very few new ones. Is the Epworth League not developing new talent, or are the program-makers forgetful of the fact that this "training school" has, or should have, new material for the program, and new and untried ability which should be brought forward? Might not the correction of this also correct the fact already referred to regarding the attendance?

The Weirs is one of the most desirable places for such a meeting. With no distracting conditions, and the lake furnishing just enough pleasure attraction to break the monotony, the convention had full right of way, and was not wearisome. Yet it seemed a little out of the way; only those were there who went for the purposes of the convention. There being almost no local constituency to draw from, and on whom a good influence could be left, one of the chief features and values of a convention was missing and lost. It is a question if a great convention with such a strong program has a right to hide itself



REV. C. L. LEONARD, D. D.  
President

away so far from the centres of our Epworth League life. Credit is due President Spencer and Secretary Oliver for the success of the meeting. Every detail for the comfort of the guests and for the welfare of the convention received prompt consideration. Mr. Spencer is an ideal presiding officer, having just the right touch upon every interest, and making the most happy introductions without overdoing the complimentary. Mr. Oliver was untiring in his efforts to attend to every detail.

Concerning the new cabinet, the comment of the retiring president, Rev. G. H. Spencer, is sufficient compliment: "You have an unusually nice cabinet." Dr. Leonard is pastor of a large church, is a young man of marked ability, of unconquerable courage and energy, and brings to this work the record of great success in all his previous labors. Mr. Tasker has made for himself a strong place in the New Hampshire Conference, and is pastor in the school town of Tilton. His leadership of the morning watch at the Weirs was of marked spirituality and intellectual strength. Mr. Legg is one of the young

pastors of the New England Southern Conference, whose energetic work has already won him promotion and given him a pastorate in the leading city of his Conference. He has given much attention to the interests of his department, and takes his place in the cabinet with the avowed purpose of doing something. Mr. Andrews is a business man of Barre, is president of the Vermont State League, and is said to be "the best man there for the cabinet," which is saying a great deal when Vermont is in consideration. Miss Nichols has been known for some years as one of the most



REV. A. E. LEGG  
Second Vice-President

interested, active and capable of Greater Boston Epworthians. That Mr. Webster consented, after being strongly urged, to remain as treasurer, was a great gratification to all, and is an assurance of the success of the financial side of the work for the next two years. Mrs. J. S. Wadsworth, of Brockton, was elected superintendent of the Junior League, but has been obliged to decline the office, much to the regret of all.

The first meeting of the new cabinet will be held at Sterling, Aug. 20, the opening day of the union of the Assembly and



MISS MARGARET A. NICHOLS  
Fourth Vice-President

Camp-meeting at that place. Dr. Leonard is one of the evening speakers on that date.

Claremont, N. H. — The new cabinet was installed July 1, the pastor, Rev. C. C. Gar-



land, using the regular ritual service and making an address on "Nehemiah, a Model



MR. DEAN K. WEBSTER  
Treasurer

Epworth Leaguer." These officers are younger than any previous cabinet has been. Eight members attended the Weirs Convention. One of them, Miss Clara Bartlett, has been secretary of the home chapter for ten years without a break. On Sunday evening, July 8, piano and chairs were taken to the lawn and an out door meeting held, at which three reports of the Weirs Convention were read and greatly enjoyed. League and church Sunday evening meetings unite through August.

## PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

### Public Worship and Spiritual Refreshing

Sunday, August 12

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, D. D.

#### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- August 6. An indispensable habit. Luke 4:16.
- August 7. An opportunity to meet the Lord. Matt. 18:20.
- August 8. What deprivation of the sanctuary means. Psa. 42:1-5.
- August 9. Joy in the associations of the house of God. Psa. 122.
- August 10. The clarified vision of the sanctuary. Psa. 73:16-17.
- August 11. The place of proclamation of the law of God. Deut. 31:11-13.
- August 12. Topic - Public Worship and Spiritual Refreshing. Heb. 10:23-25.

#### Doxology

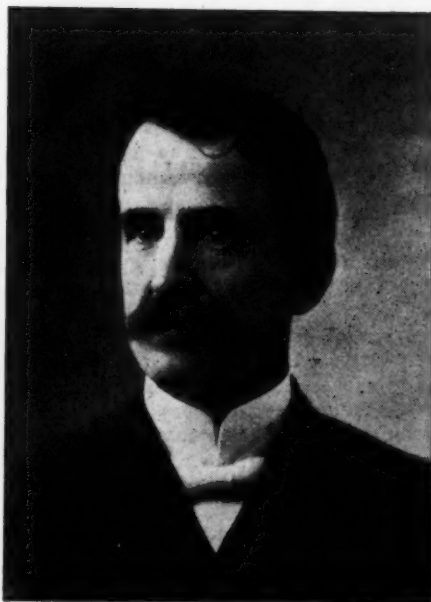
Praise God the Father! Praise God the Son! Praise God the Holy Spirit! Trinity of Life and Light and Love! Let the heavens rejoice and the earth be glad for Thy blessings, boundless and beautiful. Sinful as we are, and helpless, yet reliance upon Thee will bring every needed good. Hence let gratitude fill our hearts and praises dwell upon our tongues. Praise, praise forevermore!

#### Offertory

From flocks of the hills, herds of the stall, and fruits of the field, we bring our offerings to the sanctuary and worship God with our substance. With glad hearts we

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REV. G. F. DURGIN  
Secretary and Editor

present the products of our hands. Not merely a tithe would we bring to divine altars, but our all would we place at His disposal to be employed as He wills. Thus having brought our willing gifts to Him, our minds are open to receive the truth in its fullness and power.

#### Sermon Points

1. "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering" (v. 23). Great need there is of this in our day of criticism and uncertainty. Early habit may be of much service here. Said a minister of the New England Conference: "In my teens I never should have attended church had not my parents insisted upon my doing so. Because they made church attendance an invariable rule for me, I came to feel so much at home in God's house that when I reached the age when it became a matter of choice with me, I easily decided to continue steadfast in my father's faith." There is too much risk in allowing most children to do as they please in matters of religion. They need gentle but firm guidance in the right path. Experience has demonstrated that those who come to Christ in childhood are most likely to hold fast to the faith of Christian living.

2. "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works" (v. 24). The battle of Marathon was over. Miltiades was covered with glory. Themistocles was in his youth. His despondency became noticeable. No entertainments would he attend, and many nights sleep did not come to his eyelids. When a friend asked the cause of his disturbance, he answered: "The trophies of Miltiades will not suffer me to sleep." Thus provoked to honorable endeavor, he became one of the most illustrious of Grecian generals.

3. "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together" (v. 25). What petty excuses do people make for absence from church services! A distinguished nobleman, having observed one Lord's Day that his servants were absent from public worship, inquired of his butler the cause. His reply was: "Owing to the wetness of the roads." "Well, this shall soon be remedied," said the nobleman. So the next wet Sunday he ordered the servants all to take seats in a large covered cart while he himself walked behind to church.

#### Exhortation

Rev. Samuel Bottomley inscribed on the dial in his chapel the impressive words: "On this moment eternity depends." Is this not especially true of all the moments of the Lord's Day? How vastly important that we spend all its moments aright! How all-important that we cheerfully and lovingly carry out God's will concerning the wise improvement of life's Sabbaths! To such holy observance let us exhort one another. Surely one day in seven ought to be devoted earnestly to deepening, strengthening and enriching the spiritual na-

re. A very busy and burdened woman put herself to much pains to attend Dr. Babcock's



MR. FRANK M. STROUT  
Auditor

church every Sunday. When asked how she managed to do it, she said: "It is sheer necessity for me. I couldn't go through the week without the strength and help I get from his sermons. He puts new life and courage into me."

#### Benediction

God's hallowed presence abides all the week with those who love His house on Sunday. Happy indeed are those who at last stand as victors

"Where the innumerable throngs  
Of saints and angels mingle songs."

Norwich, Conn.

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## OUR BOOK TABLE

**THE DOOMSMAN.** By Vad Tassel Sutphen. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.50.

This story describes a fantastic condition of New York city in 2015 A. D. Our present civilization is conceived of as being completely wiped out in 1925, by some sort of a plague, joined with conflagrations, which swept off practically all the people, and caused a relapse into barbarism of a most amazing sort, so that a new and primitive race of men people the earth. The romance is not very convincing, but the methods by which the hero rediscovers the use of firearms and electricity are woven into the story with novel and telling effect. There are stirring chapters of love and warfare that somewhat humanize the whole, but the scheme of the book strikes us as far-fetched and most improbable.

**SUSAN CLEGG AND HER NEIGHBORS' AFFAIRS.** By Anne Warner. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.

Four distinct stories are here, three of which have already appeared in periodicals. Miss Clegg and Mrs. Lathrop are now pretty well-known characters to the American reading public. The humor is of a sort that seems to take with very many, but those who like something different need not, we presume, be ashamed or afraid to say so. Tastes legitimately and necessarily differ as to this sort of thing.

**WHERE PUSSIES GROW.** Songs of Childhood and Nature. Words and music by Harriet Lee Grove. Drawings by Ella Dolbear Lee. Jennings & Graham: Cincinnati. Price, \$1.50, net.

A very handsome gift-book for children, containing, on superfine paper, elegantly printed, eight songs: "Pussy Willows," "The Rooster and the Boy," "In the Wood a Bird is Singing," "The Organ Grinder," "Marching Song," "The Lost Lambs," "Milking Song," "Lullaby."

**PARKERSBURG PLATFORM.** Addresses. By William Love, Ph. D. Parkersburg, W. Va. Price, \$1.

Eight brief platform addresses are here bound in a book. They were delivered to the Masons, the Elks, the G. A. R., the Woodmen, the Y. M. C. A., and W. C. T. U. To whom the final one on (Judas Iscariot) was addressed, there is nothing to indicate. No society has yet been formed, so far as we know, to perpetuate the memory of that famous (?) man. The Masonic address says nothing about the Masons, but is devoted to the subject of the Resurrection. Brotherhood is the principal topic dwelt upon before the Elks, while doing good appears to be the main theme commended to the attention of the "Modern Woodmen of America." Whether the preacher is a member of these various secret societies is not stated, but one may, perhaps, fairly suppose so.

**IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES.** A Tale of Tidewater Virginia. By John Hamilton Howard. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, \$1.25.

The region bordering on the Great Dismal Swamp south of Norfolk is the scene of the story, and the time is during the war of the Rebellion. A murderer and suicide, an outlaw, an old negro servant, a Confederate officer, an eccentric physician, a young man who quarrels with his father because of his love for the young woman who is of an inferior family, but every way worthy — these are the main characters. They are not very well drawn.

**OUTLINE STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT FOR BIBLE TEACHERS.** By Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D. Price, 40 cents, net; 25 cents, net, paper.

An admirable hand-book by one who knows well how to do this sort of thing. He says, indeed, at the start that "Those who desire merely to read this book, or to

look it over, will not find it interesting." We question this. We at least have looked it over with much interest. But, of course, it is meant for careful study, and will only yield its richest fruits to those who mean business. Such will find it excellently adapted to help them to a much better knowledge of the New Testament.

**CHURCH FEDERATION.** Edited by Elias B. Sanford, D. D. F. H. Revell Co.: New York.

This is the report of the great inter-church Conference on Federation held at New York, Nov. 15-21, 1905. It contains 706 very large octavo pages, and 26 handsomely executed group pictures with four faces in each group, besides a frontispiece showing the thirteen officers of the executive committee. It has a complete account of the proceedings of the Conference, with all the reports, resolutions, debates, papers, and addresses, the latter given by something like a hundred of the most distinguished men of the country, to give even a selection from whose names would hardly be suitable here, and is not needful. It is a magnificent volume, and reflects great credit on its editor, Dr. Sanford, the chief secretary of the Conference, and of the whole movement of which the Conference was the outcome. He is a member of the famous class of 1865 of Wesleyan University, as his classmates like to remember.

**THE CZAR'S GIFT.** By William Ordway Partridge. Funk & Wagnall Co.: New York. Price, 40 cents, net.

Mr. Partridge, besides his eminent standing in the world of art, has achieved by his two previous books quite a reputation as an author. The present little book, one of the "Hour-Glass Series," can be read through in a brief time, and leaves a pleasant impression. A gifted young sculptor of St. Petersburg redeems his brother from the mines of Siberia by the skill with which he fashions a statue of the Czar's daughter.

**EVE'S DIARY.** By Mark Twain. With 55 full-page illustrations by Lester Ralph. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.

A companion to "Extracts from Adam's Diary." Those who liked that will like this. We did not. The pictures are decidedly interesting, but the wit is very forced and feeble.

**EFFICIENCY AND RELIEF. A Program of Social Work.** By Edward T. Devine, Ph. D., LL.D., Schiff professor of Social Economy in Columbia University. Columbia University Press: New York. Price, 75 cents.

This is the inaugural lecture of Professor Devine, delivered at the opening session of the School of Philanthropy, endowed by Mr. John S. Kennedy and conducted by the Charity Organization Society of the city of New York. Mr. Devine is both director of this school and first occupant of the university chair founded at Columbia by Mr. Jacob H. Schiff. The object of the address is to show the essential unity of two subjects which in social literature and in one common social thought have been assumed to be quite distinct — the two tasks of increasing industrial efficiency in the individual and of providing adequate relief for those who are of deficient wage-earning capacity. The author's treatment of the theme is in every way commendable.

## Magazines

— The *Contemporary Review* for July is an especially important and valuable number. The contribution of Prof. W. M. Ramsay on "The War of Moslem and Christian for the Possession of Asia Minor" (it being the Rede Lecture for 1906), should be read by every Christian scholar. Very timely are the papers on "The Great Congo Iniquity," "The Foreign Policy of Spain," and particularly "Religious

Events in France," by Paul Sabatier. (Leonard Scott Publication Co.: New York.)

— Decidedly the best article in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century and After* is by a colored woman of Washington, D. C., Mary Church Terrell, and has the somewhat remarkable title, "A Plea for the White South." It is, more strictly speaking, a plea for the rights of the black people of that region, but she makes a good argument that the South will work its own destruction if it continues to pursue its present course. "There is an inexorable law which decrees that those who persistently and cold-bloodedly oppress the weak shall not forever escape the consequences of their guilt." The South must be emancipated from the thralldom of its own prejudices, taught the difference between pure patriotism and sectional pride, instilled with a sense of justice and a wholesome reverence for law. Other topics well discussed in this number are: "Prospects of the Education Bill," the "House of Lords," "Disarmament," "German Trade in South America," and "The Absorption of Holland by Germany." (Leonard Scott Publication Company: New York.)

— *Records of the Past* for July has three articles: "The Cedars of Lebanon," "The Birth of Venus," and "Documents from the Temple Archives of Nippur." (Records of the Past Exploration Society: 215 Third St., S. E., Washington, D. C.)

— In the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for July, Rev. S. E. Bishop endeavors to make out that we have in the Genesis narrative of the Deluge "an actual copy of parts of Noah's Log book precisely and punctiliously transmitted to us through the long centuries, probably not less than four thousand years before Abraham's day." The theory does not lack for boldness, but will hardly carry wide acceptance. Putting the date eight or nine thousand years ago instead of about four thousand, as the Bible does, looks like a desperate effort to save the fact at the expense of the figures. Other writers treat the "Authority of the Holy Spirit," the "Religion of the Samaritans," and the "Relation of the Miracle to Nature." Under the latter head Prof. W. B. Greene, Jr., takes some sixteen pages to say that in miracle "God acts immediately, above natural laws and independently of them;" also that "miracles have been wrought only to authenticate the bearers of supernatural revelation in connection with the actual delivery of such revelation." This latter point is in no way elaborated, and can hardly be reconciled with full acceptance of the Old Testament stories. (Bibliotheca Sacra Co.: Oberlin, O.)

— The first and longest article in *Out West* for July is about "The Making of a Great Mine," meaning the United Verde Copper Company of Arizona, begun in a small way thirty years ago, now exceedingly extensive and prosperous. It employs over 1,100 men. Its average production of copper in recent years has been 4,000,000 pounds a month. Only six mines in the world do better. Jerome, a mining town of 2,000 population, has grown up near it. There are several good stories in this number, also the continuation of "An Archaeological Wedding Journey." (Out West Magazine Co.: Los Angeles.)

— The July *Arena* gives quite a little space to setting forth the excellences of Governor Albert B. Cummins of Iowa, calling him "a statesman who places the interests of the people above the demands of privileged classes." It also relates admirably the excellent work of William Jefferson Pollard, judge of the second district police court, St. Louis. He has saved very many drunkards from themselves and for their families, getting them to take the pledge and keep it. It is said that in the three years during which the plan has been in operation not more than two persons in a hundred thus put upon their honor have fallen. The success of the innovation has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the judge and his friends. It is a noble work. (Albert Brandt: 5 Park Square, Boston.)

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## CONCERNING PURE FOOD

THE food expert, H. H. Langdon, at 427 West 22d Street, New York, writes thus under date of July 18: "I note in your esteemed issue of July 4 an article in reference to pure food. It is certainly gratifying to know that we have at last a national Pure Food Law. The adulteration of food was practiced to such a large extent, that it was absolutely necessary to place some curb on manufacturers who were flooding the market with cheap, adulterated foods. The new law will compel labels on all articles of preserved food. If the public, however, does not pay heed to the labels, of what value will they be? The public must be taught that there is no economy in cheap foods which have been adulterated with some inferior substance that would lessen the food value.

"The preservation of food, however, should not be considered adulteration, as the preservative is used to prevent the article from deteriorating. It is not the ordinarily preserved food that injures the consumer, it is food that has not been preserved that is in condition for the propagation of toxic germs which are a great menace to life. Those who advocate dispensing with mild preservatives, do not realize the danger which lurks in food that is not preserved. Many varieties of micro organisms produce poisonous ptomaines. After they are once pronounced they are not easily destroyed. The putrefactive organisms which produce ptomaine poison in such articles as canned meat, head cheese, fresh pork, fish and other animal matter, both raw and cooked, are very dangerous to human life. A peculiar feature of ptomaine poison is that it cannot be detected by sight, taste or smell. The cause of ptomaine can be traced to the lack of facilities for preventing the development of toxic germs. Meat, fish or fowl that are sprinkled with borax or boric acid are kept in a clean, healthful condition which prevents the formation and propagation of toxic germs.

"The Senate, recognizing the value of mild preservatives, accepted an amendment which will allow borax or boric acid on any article of food from which it can be removed by maceration in water prior to consumption. Preservatives of a penetrating nature, however, could not be removed in this manner. It is an erroneous supposition to think that preservatives could be used to convert a tainted piece of meat into a sweet, edible condition.

"Laws should be enacted and enforced so as to protect the unwary consumer. Our new Pure Food Law will not be of much value to the masses until the various State laws are amended so as to conform with the National law. Now that the Pure Food Law has been enacted, it certainly will be wise to have all places where food is prepared investigated, as the condition of food and the health of the nation depend to a certain extent on hygienic surroundings. The spices and condiments that are used have comparatively no food value, and they are partaken of to momentarily satisfy the palate, which has been educated to crave such articles to the detriment of the digestive organs.

"The question of eating is a very serious one. It is not so much, however, what we eat, as it is how we eat. Food must be assimilated to be beneficial; our rations

should be balanced; our diet should be varied. Thorough mastication is absolutely necessary to prepare food for the stomach. When people bolt their food and wash it down with liquids, they are candidates for the dyspeptic brigade. We can live without food for thirty days or more, we can live without water for about seven days, we cannot live without air, however, for five minutes. Consequently, as much or more attention should be paid to our water and air supplies as to our food. There should be vigilant inspections of school rooms, factories, theatres, public buildings, etc., to insure perfect ventilation. We spend about one-third of our lives in bed, we must breathe regularly, however, during our sojourn in slumberland, and if we breathe pure air all night, we will certainly arise in the morning greatly refreshed. We have power within ourselves to be moderate in all things, and if we exercise this power we will enjoy life as the Creator intended we should."

## W. H. M. S. Notes

—The annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society will be held in St. Paul's Church, Lincoln, Neb., beginning Oct. 10, and continuing eight days.

—Immigration during the last year has been very heavy. During the year ending June 30, 1906, 1,062,054 persons landed in New York. Of the new comers 7,888 were deported for various causes, 195 being excluded as supposed criminals.

—Mrs. Samuel Hamilton, of Pittsburg Pa., passed to her great reward shortly after arriving at Germany, whither she had gone seeking health. Mrs. Hamilton was a strong and active friend of the W. H. M. S., and for many years gave abundantly of time, money and sympathy to its great work.

—The board of trustees of the W. H. M. S. some months since authorized Mrs. L. H. Bunyan, of Richmond, Ind., to prepare an auxiliary treasurer's book, which is now ready. It will, undoubtedly, lessen the work of a local treasurer in making entries, and we commend it to the attention of auxiliary treasurers. The book may be ordered of Mrs. Bunyan (price, 50 cents, including postage).

—The small children of the Japanese Home in San Francisco, eleven in number, were taken to Benlah after the earthquake, where they remained a few weeks, thus giving an opportunity in the Home for many of the Japanese who had lost their all to be sheltered. Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery gave them the use of an empty cottage. While there, seven of the eleven children had the measles, but all recovered, and all are now in the Home again.

—The text book for Home Mission study for the coming year will be "The Incoming Millions," by Howard Grose. Dr. Grose is also the author of the text-book prepared for the Young People's missionary movement. Dr. Grose is eminently qualified to put this subject most attractively and forcibly. It is hoped that a much larger number of auxiliaries of the W. H. M. S. will use the text-book for the coming year than ever before.

—The Interdenominational Council of Home Missionary women is the only society organized for the purpose of exposing and driving out Mormonism. Hitherto its work has been defensive and protective. It now proposes a more aggressive policy. Great need of enlightenment has developed in Idaho, and the Council earnestly appeals for help to put several speakers in Idaho, and to circulate large quantities of anti-Mormon literature. Contributions in aid of this important work may be sent to Mrs. Darwin R. James, president of Interdenominational Council, 156 Fifth Ave., New York city.

—Every effort is being made by Mormons in Idaho to fill the State offices at the next election with Mormons, or those friendly to that church; and inasmuch as by the laws of the State the terms of all the members of the State Legislature, the U. S. senator, and most other officers expire at the same time, the opportunity to make a clean sweep the coming autumn will be appreciated. Unless the people

of Idaho can be awakened to the true state of things, we shall soon find conditions prevailing similar to those in Utah.

—Miss Kate Lebrick, missionary of the W. H. M. S. to the Indians at Pawnee, Okla., writes under recent date, concerning a visit to an Indian camp: "I sent for a Sunday-school chart and cards, and took them with me on Sunday afternoon. I gathered the children together and taught them the Sunday-school lesson. A number of the women were in the camp, and I showed them the pictures and gave them all cards. One woman said: 'Sing to us,' and I did, and prayed with them. We will work and pray that the hearts of the fathers and mothers of these little children may be turned to the Lord."

—"Home Guards" are made up of boys and girls together, girls alone, or boys alone. In a suburb of Philadelphia a company of boys hold monthly meetings, opening with a devotional service conducted by the boys, followed by a reading or discussion concerning the work of the W. H. M. S., collection of dues, and passing of mite box. The other exercises vary from time to time. These boys pay five cents per month each as dues, and raise extra funds to be applied on the scholarship of an Indian boy in Stickney Home.

—One of our flourishing industrial homes for colored girls is in Little Rock, Ark., known as the Adeline Smith Home. Mrs. Hilda M. Nasmyth is the superintendent, a most capable and consecrated worker. The Home is crowded, and it is seldom that a girl goes through the school without becoming an earnest Christian. Mrs. Nasmyth has seen service as a missionary in Africa, where the African fever early made her a widow.

—At the anniversary meetings of the W. H. M. S. in Ocean Grove, N. J., held this year July 30 and 31, and Aug. 1, Rev. W. A. Frye, of Trenton, N. J., gave an inspiring address on "The Sign of the Cross at the Gates of Empire." One cannot visit Ellis Island and look very deeply into the work being done there without recognizing its importance. The kind word of direction and counsel, the material help when needed, the shelter and protection afforded by our Homes, and above all the evident spirit of Christian love and fellowship, cannot fail to impress these strangers from strange lands.

—Miss Rebecca Wunderlich, of Jesse Lee Home, in Unalaska, writes under date of May 26, 1906: "The 'Corwin,' a remodeled revenue cutter and the first passenger boat to Nome, stopped here to coal on May 24. A Mrs. Mott and her son from New Orleans, with a captain from the South, called upon us. Mrs. Mott's elder son is pursuer on the 'Corwin,' and she invited us to visit the boat and gave us some papers telling of the San Francisco earthquake. A Mr. Bailey of Chicago called with a young Bohemian named Louis Hanok. They were both in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake."

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## THE CONFERENCES

## EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

## Bucksport District

**Belfast.**—Rev. J. W. Hatch is a pastor beloved. He is a very busy man, the Itinerants' institute and other Conference tasks, as well as the arduous duties of an important charge, demanding his attention. His wife is home from the hospital, feeling much better. He rejoices in a fine company of young people loyal to the church. The gift of Mrs. Emma Walls Swift to the church some three years ago, but not available until last autumn, will free the church property from all debts and leave \$100 to be used toward the extensive repairs now going forward on the parsonage. The will of Mrs. Sarah C. Sherman leaves \$1,000 to the church, the interest of which is to be used for current expenses. The entire work prospers under the leadership of Mr. Hatch.

**Morrill.**—This little charge illustrates very fully certain phases of the rural problem. A faithful remnant of old people remain to do the best they can to secure the Gospel according to John Wesley's methods. We find a small but good class led by Mr. D. O. Bowen. There is little money and it is impossible to support a minister. Mrs. Nellie Thompson Morgan, who spends her summer here, has kindly consented to care for the spiritual needs of the people as long as she remains in town.

**Bucksport.**—The East Maine Conference Seminary is located in this old historic town, on the banks of the Penobscot River. A large number of our ministers received their first impulse and inspiration to be and do something worth while when students here. President Bragdon seems to be the right man in the right place. Our church is blessed by the presence and help of the faculty and student body. Prof. Cooper makes an efficient superintendent of the Sunday school. The Epworth League will continue active through the summer, although the seminary students are away. Three young men have been converted recently. Rev. J. W. Price is pastor.

**Orrington.**—Rev. F. V. Stanley is another of our young men doing double work. He attends Bangor Theological Seminary and serves this charge most acceptably. The church encourages the pastor to do this thing, and delights in his ambition. We found a good Sunday school, a good Junior League under the direction of Mrs. Stanley, and good class meetings sustained. In order that the church bell may be recast, \$150 has been subscribed. Here we met Mr. George Brooks, 91 years of age, and for over seventy years a member of the quarterly conference. He is strong and vigorous in mind and heart, and has missed only one or two quarterly conferences during the entire seventy years of his membership therein. We would suggest that other officials take note and endeavor to govern themselves accordingly. Mr. Brooks' plan for raising the money for running expenses is practical, and we may refer to it in some of our future items.

**Orrington Centre and South.**—We had a very pleasant visit at the home of Rev. W. A. McGraw. The laymen spoke in kind words of their pastor and his work. The people are enjoying their renovated and nicely repaired church building at the South. The League is prospering. We expect good reports the year round from this charge.

**Bucksport Centre and East.**—Rev. J. W. Tripp and his good wife care for the spiritual needs of the people of this charge. He does double work, also, as he attends the Theological School at Bangor and serves this large field faithfully. Mr. Tripp and his wife are appreciated by their people, and well may be, for they are studious, industrious, and mean to win.

**Surry.**—Rev. J. D. McGraw is holding the fort faithfully and heroically. His salary has

been increased a little over last year. It is a delight to ride behind that fine little horse he drives. If all our churches would go with the freedom and swiftness of this horse, how nicely they would prosper—there would be no lagging behind, to say the least.

**Calais, First Church.**—Rev. J. Tinling is visiting the scenes of his youth in Europe. We wish him a delightful and profitable trip abroad. We know he will come back with vim and vigor to prosecute the work of the church he loves. His splendid laymen, with the help of the presiding elder, are caring for the work in his absence.

**Calais, Knight Memorial.**—Rev. G. E. Edgett has been most cordially welcomed to this church. The people say they enjoy his sermons immensely. Notwithstanding the business depression in the city, and the debt incurred because of repairs on church property, the quarterly conference made no retreat on apportionments on running expenses. We like the faith and spirit of the loyal men and women we met at the quarterly conference. May pastor and people have a great victory together in the work of the year upon which they have entered!

**Orland.**—Rev. John Palmer is earnest and evangelistic. He is anxious that the work of the Lord shall advance on his charge. We met a large congregation the evening we preached here, among the number Dr. C. W. Brown, formerly of Livermore Falls, a man whose influence tells strongly for the Master.

**Brooksville.**—Rev. W. A. Smith is doing faithful work on this charge. He has difficulties to meet, but the meeting of difficulties in the name of the Lord and the determination to conquer develop strength for greater usefulness and the imposing of greater trust. We believe this young man will be able to stand the test and do things for Christ and the church, and that this will be a year of victory all along the line.

**Castine.**—The thing that interested and pleased the presiding elder the most at his visit here was Rev. A. E. Luce's report in the quarterly conference to the effect that 7 persons had been received on probation and 4 baptized since Conference, and that 9 were soon to be received into full membership. This kind of work pays. Some \$35 have been expended on hard wood floors, etc., in the parsonage. The Ladies' Aid Society is a very helpful organization to this church. Mr. Luce leads the camp-meeting at Northport this year. It was our privilege to visit, with him, Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., who spends his summer here. Dr. Hillis very graciously consented to preach on Friday afternoon of camp-meeting week at Northport.

**To Whom It May Concern.**—The camp-meeting at East Machias begins Aug. 27 and closes Aug. 31. Brother ministers, please begin to talk about the camp meeting at once. Give notice of same from the pulpit, and see that your local paper refers to it. Remember, you are to do the work this year. Come for business. There will not be a minister loafer, gossip or grumbler around, for we have none on Bucksport District. Every minister, if he is able to be out at all during service hours, will be at the meetings ready to do something, and not particular what that something may be—to help the preacher by prayer and sympathy, or to preach himself and not care whether it be the first, seventh or last sermon, to sing or testify at social services, to do personal work among the unaved; in short, to use his gifts and graces fully and freely, and all the time esteeming others worthier than himself. Brothers, let us have victory this year! The District Epworth League Convention meets the Friday and Saturday preceding camp-meeting. Pastors and League presidents, talk this up. Get our young people out. This convention will be full of helpfulness and inspiration to all. The young people will follow the pastor if he will lead. The future of our church depends on the youth of today. Let us win and lead the youth.

**Our Highest Ambition.**—We rejoice in the material prosperity of our churches, but, brother ministers, let us remember that our great and enduring work is the winning and saving of men and women and children to Christ and the church. Let us not rest, night or day, until we are receiving saved souls to membership in the church, until we are re-

ceiving daily such as should be saved. This ought to be our highest ambition. H.

## N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

## Morwich District

**Willimantic.**—Rev. J. H. Newland, pastor of this church, is spending a few weeks of a well-earned vacation at one of the celebrated lakes of New Hampshire, with his family. During his absence his pulpit will be supplied by Rev. Dr. S. O. Benton, the recording secretary of the Missionary Society in New York.

**Warehouse Point.**—In the evening of June 29, the pastor, Rev. Wm. J. Smith, and his family opened the parsonage and gave a reception to the members of the church and congregation. The commodious manse was crowded with a cheerful company who responded to the invitation and enjoyed a very pleasant evening. Vocal solos were rendered by Mr. Gilbert Tait, of Windsor Locks, and Mr. F. L. Jacobs, a duet by the Misses Dorothy H. Snow and Grace E. Snow, a cornet solo by Miss Jennie L. Gains, a piano selection by Miss Maud M. Rockwell, and select readings by Miss Martha I. Fisk and Miss Lillian I. Munson. Miss Clara Fisk poured. Light refreshments were served. A very pleasant feature of the occasion was the presence of a former pastor, Rev. N. B. Cook, of Mapleville, R. I., who was visiting his daughter, who resides here. Mr. Cook made a brief address, which was well received by his old friends and parishioners. During his pastorate he raised the funds for the new parsonage three years ago. He remained over the Sabbath and preached in the evening of July 1.

**Rockville.**—On Monday, July 2, the Neighborhood Preachers' Meeting was held in Rockville with Rev. and Mrs. W. S. MacIntire. An excellent paper was presented by Rev. W. E. Kugler on, "The Sunday Evening Service." A very interesting and animated discussion followed the reading. The chairman of the committee on program, Rev. J. H. Allen, presented a series of interesting subjects for the meetings of the entire year, which was adopted. A bountiful collation was served by Mr. and Mrs. MacIntire. The social intercourse was delightful; the meeting was largely attended and was considered to be one of our best.

**Burnside.**—Rev. J. H. Allen, the pastor of this church, had another, and in this case a very pronounced, evidence of the cordial feeling of the church and community toward him and his family when, on Sunday night, July 8, Mr. L. S. Forbes called at the parsonage and presented his son, Prof. Raymond Allen, with a purse of \$163 in behalf of a host of friends who had cheerfully contributed that amount in appreciation of the esteem in which he is held, and with the hope that he would speedily be restored to health. The young professor graduated at Wesleyan University two years ago, and at once secured a good position as professor in the Kingsley School for Boys in Essex Falls, N. J. He succeeded admirably in this new field, and his continuance is urged by the principal. A few months ago he became quite ill and an operation became necessary. He is now at the Flower Hospital in New York city under the care of eminent physicians, and strong hopes are entertained of his speedy recovery. The noble gift and the spirit that prompted it speak volumes for the kindness and sympathy of the splendid people that bestowed it.

**Willimantic Camp meeting.**—Great preparations are being made for a successful camp-meeting at Willimantic this year. Dr. J. I. Bartholomew, the president of the Association, is securing the services of several eminent preachers and workers outside of the district. Dr. A. B. Kendig will deliver four addresses. Dr. W. F. Anderson, of New York, and Prof. S. L. Beller, of Boston University, will preach. Rev. Thomas Harrison, evangelist, will preach each evening and conduct the altar services. Other features of great importance will be



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CONSUMPTION

announced later. The restaurant will be conducted by Rev. W. F. Davis, of South Manchester, on the European plan. It will open Aug. 14. The date of the camp meeting is Aug. 20-27.

*Personal.* — Dr. J. I. Bartholomew is now spending a few weeks with his family at his cottage at Lake Winnepesaukee, in preparation for the Willimantic Camp-meeting and the fall campaign of evangelistic work.

X. Y. Z.

## MAINE CONFERENCE

### OPENING OF NEW DEACONESS HOME

On Wednesday, July 25, occurred the formal opening and garden party at the new Deaconess Home, 180 Federal St., Portland. Between 150 and 200 people visited the Home during the afternoon and evening. Four States and one foreign country were represented — Maine, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York and Japan — and the visitors were from twenty different towns and cities. This was not wholly a Methodist gathering, but many from other denominations showed their interest by bringing greetings. Old Orchard distinguished herself by sending 26 representatives. Mrs. Horton, of Claremont, N. H., recited in the afternoon, and Mr. F. H. Homsted gave a fine graphophone entertainment in the evening. Donations of money and house-furnishings and eatables were received, and a goodly sum was realized by the sale of handkerchiefs and cream and cake. The day was ideal, and the occasion was most successful. Many of the pastors and charity workers were present, and some of the poor and charges of the Home came to participate in the joys of the opening day. H. I. B.

### Augusta District

*Gardiner.* — June 17 was spent with the church at this place. The pastor, Rev. John R. Clifford, having been called to New York to attend the wedding of his oldest son, I was left in full charge of the service. Mr. Clifford is one of our best men. Already the church is feeling the influence of his presence and work. He was cordially received, and the people feel that there has been no mistake in his appointment. In the afternoon I preached at South Gardiner, where we have a chapel and a few spiritually-minded people who very much desire a pastor who can live among them and devote more time to their spiritual welfare.

*Hallowell.* — This church asked for the appointment of Rev. H. L. Nichols, and has not regretted it. A cordial reception was given the pastor in the vestry. Mr. Nichols preached the Memorial sermon before the John B. Hubbard Post, No. 20, G. A. R., the State and National Relief Corps. The sermon was highly spoken of in the local paper. This church has, doubtless, the best Junior League on the district, if not in the Conference. Its efficient superintendent is Miss Henrietta Roberts. At its sixth anniversary, held the 29th of March, fifty Juniors were present. The present membership is 64.

*Augusta.* — The energetic young pastor, Rev. H. E. Dunnack, at the last Conference, was returned for the seventh year to this church. His pastorate here has been pre-eminently successful. The last year was one of great prosperity in all lines of church work. More than 100 persons have been added to the church during the last twelve months. Mr. Dunnack believes in the Gospel, and preaches it; he believes in work, and gives himself to it; hence his success. Go thou and do likewise.

*North Leeds and Wayne.* — Rev. Cyrus Purington is the pastor, and the work is going on well. Mr. Purington preaches every Sabbath in the afternoon at North Leeds. The Sabbath I was present the pastor preached a fine sermon to the Masonic Order, in which he drew many instructive lessons from Solomon's Temple.

*Kent's Hill.* — Our school and church are both prospering under the leadership respectively of President Berry and Rev. T. C. Chapman. My visit to the Hill was very pleasant. I had no new acquaintances to make. I married the young pastor and his wife nine years ago. Mrs. Chapman was a member of our church at Brunswick, and one of our best young women. Mr. Chapman supplies East Readfield charge, preaching there Sabbath afternoons.

*North Augusta.* — The church here is in excellent condition. The auditorium has been

improved by putting in a new steel ceiling and altar rail, with other improvements, which make it one of the most attractive in the Conference. A vestry with dining room and kitchen are among the things that are coming to this church in the near future. Excavation under the church is nearly completed. Rev. W. A. Meservey, the pastor, is much loved by the people.

*Waterville.* — This is one of our strong churches. Rev. C. W. Bradlee is serving here for the fourth year. The quarterly conference granted him a vacation of four weeks, the church to supply the pulpit for three Sabbaths. Mr. Bradlee is one of our most successful pastors, and the work is going on well here.

*Fairfield.* — Rev. J. H. Roberts is a strong preacher and good pastor, and this his third year is opening well. The church and pastor are mutually pleased with the appointment. Two of the pastor's daughters are juniors in college. The girls take after their father in studious habits. They are very bright scholars and appreciate the privileges of Colby.

*Madison.* — Rev. D. F. Faulkner, the pastor, is the right man in the right place. The reception given him was cordial, and made him feel at home with this kind-hearted people. Before the pastor's family arrived needed improvements had been made in the parsonage, a fine toilet room added, and the parsonage connected with the sewer. Since Conference the debt on the church has been paid, and the debt of \$1,000 on the parsonage has been provided for. Good congregations greet the pastor every Sabbath, and a largely-attended prayer-meeting is held every Sunday evening, full of spiritual interest. At the last quarterly conference the pastor's salary was raised to \$1,000, making this one of the first charges in the Conference. The pastor was granted a vacation of three weeks. Rev. H. L. Nichols did a good work here, and is held in appreciation by the people.

*Camp-meetings.* — We are expecting excellent results from the camp-meetings on Augusta District this year. They are in good hands. The brethren having charge, and the pastors

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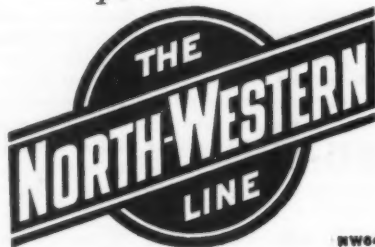
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## VERMONT CONFERENCE

### St. Johnsbury District

*Camp meeting.* — The Bible school and camp meeting at Lyndonville is to begin Monday, Aug. 20, and continue two full weeks, in accordance with the vote of the Association at its regular meeting last year. The same general plan that proved so satisfactory and successful a year ago will be followed this year, but a stronger and more attractive program has been arranged, interest is much more general, and a much larger attendance is anticipated. Work is already in progress on the improvement of the grounds. New seats are being made sufficient to accommodate several hundred, and all the old seats will be reconstructed and put in good shape, while other important changes will be made. The tennis court and croquet grounds will be put in good condition, and some attention paid to the recreation features in general. While it has not been deemed feasible to put in electric lights this year, it is expected that the grounds will be better lighted than heretofore, and electric illumination may come later.

Among the speakers from beyond the Conference are Dr. Charles Roads, of Philadelphia, who will be with us several days; Mrs. L. E. Bailey, of West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.; Dr. John Galbraith, presiding elder of Boston District, New England Conference; Mrs. F. B. Clark, of Cambridge, Mass.; and Miss Emily L. Harvey, of Raipur, India. Some of our own men will give lectures and addresses in the line of Bible School work. As in the previous meeting, evangelism will be made prominent, and even greater results are hoped for. Rev. O. S. Gray, of Amherst, Mass., widely known as a lecturer, Y. M. C. A. worker and evangelist, and who rendered such efficient assistance last year, will be with us nearly all of the second week, he himself preaching once each day. He



will come directly from a series of similar meetings in the West and South, and will be heartily welcomed by a large number who knew him in this section, where his earlier years were spent. Special attention will be paid to the children's meetings, which will be under charge of Rev. C. W. Kelley, of Lunenburg, throughout. Mr. Kelley has special aptitude for this line of work, enters into it with enthusiasm, and will have efficient assistance. With the special features already planned, these meetings should be attractive in a degree beyond that of former years.

The musical part of the program is of high importance in such a meeting, and due regard has been had for this fact in the arrangements. During the last six days the singing will be in charge of Mr. Fisher, a soloist and director of note, who accompanies Mr. Gray. Other soloists, some of whom were heard last year, will be with us, and several special features are in contemplation.

If the loyal and hearty support given to the meeting by many last year will be imitated by the district generally, there is no reason why this should not be a great meeting. For information as to accommodations at the meeting write Rev. William Shaw, Lyndon, Vt.

F. W. L.

## NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

### Boston District

*West Quincy.* — Rev. A. B. Tyler is a busy pastor this season: Two church weddings, three others at the parsonage, several funerals, two young men received on probation, one young lady into full membership, and one received by letter, together with the baptism of children, make the marks of successful employment about the business to which he is sent. The Epworth League has held a successful lawn party, and the Sunday school has had the annual picnic, which was a most enjoyable event.

### Lynn District

*Wakefield.* — The church edifice has recently been shingled. The year's finances are in good condition. During July, the pastor, Rev. J. R. Chaffee, received 6 on probation, 3 by letter, and 1 into full membership.

G. F. D.

### Springfield District

*Blandford.* — Visitors from Springfield, Westfield, Hartford, New York and elsewhere delight to pass their vacation on the heights where rests the blue dome of heaven. The summer is, therefore, the harvest time for our church on this eminence. The vacationists come with open hearts for the churches and people. Our Methodist church receives a large share of this large hearted assistance from the people of the lowlands. A party from Springfield have given a splendid entertainment for the church which the Blandfordites pronounce the very best the hill has had for years. The talented artists were Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Rowley, violinist and pianist; Mrs. George Hall, soprano; and Mr. Freeman Wood, baritone. The musical selections were interspersed by readings by the versatile elocutionist, Miss Webster. On the following Sunday morning the pastor, Rev. W. H. Upham, preached to a large and appreciative congregation, Mrs. Hall rendering a beautiful solo.

*Westfield.* — The return of Rev. W. C. Hull, a Westfield boy, who filled the pulpit on July 8 and 15, and the popular former pastor, Rev. Dr. L. H. Dorchester, who delighted his many friends on Sunday, July 22, have made the Westfielders great believers in the summer vacation! The pastor is wondering if the officiating will not propose two months' vacation another year, so grandly successful have been the efforts of these two young men who are general favorites in this community.

The delight of the people has been hushed by the terrible accident which for two days led all to feel that the former, Rev. W. C. Hull, had completed his work here below. He went to Brooklyn to meet a committee of a church who wished him to become their pastor. While journeying through the streets of the "City of Churches" he was thrown violently from an electric and sustained concussion of the brain. Paralysis immediately followed, and death seemed near. A skillful operation by which the blood clot was removed from the brain, at the

time of this writing seems to have been perfectly successful, and the community rests easy in the well-grounded hope that recovery is assured.

*Springfield, Trinity.* — The trustees of this church have received a bequest of \$677.10 from the will of the late Miss Ora Blair, the money to be used for the poor of the church. The money will be held as a permanent fund, the proceeds going to the beneficiaries intended. The church building is to be renovated and refurbished, money having been raised for this purpose. The papers transferring the beautiful building, 37 Edward St., to the trustees have been passed, and Trinity is now in possession of a splendid property which will be used for a parsonage. The quarterly conference has voted to set apart the month of October for special evangelistic services. The meetings of a year ago were so successful that the pastor and his officiating deem this the only reasonable step to be taken. What if all Springfield District follows in Trinity's steps? What would be the result? During the absence of Rev. and Mrs. Antrim on vacation at Truro (Cornhill Cottage), the pulpit will be supplied as follows: July, 29, Rev. C. B. Hills, of Malden; Aug. 5, Rev. C. E. Holmes, of Northampton; Aug. 12 and 19, Rev. Charles J. Moore, the assistant pastor.

*Russell.* — Some of our country charges fill up their churches at the expense of the larger churches in the manufacturing centres. Russell is just now favored in this respect. Mrs. Lane from the New York Conference, wife of a former pastor, arranged a very unique service for Sunday afternoon, July 22. The largest attendance of the year rewarded the kind-spirited lady for her efforts.

C. E. DAVIS.

## CHURCH REGISTER

### HERALD CALENDAR

Allen Camp-meeting, Strong, Me.,	Aug. 10-20
Richmond, Maine, Camp-meeting,	Aug. 10-20
Bible School, Sheldon, Vt.,	Aug. 13-18
Weirs Camp-meeting, Weirs, N. H.,	Aug. 13-18
Empire Grove Camp-meeting at East Poland, Me.,	Aug. 16-27
East Livermore Camp-meeting,	Aug. 17-27
Claremont Junction Camp-meeting,	Aug. 18-26
Northport Wesleyan Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-25
Sterling Camp-meeting and Epworth League Assembly,	Aug. 20-26
Foxcroft Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-26
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-26
Sheldon, Vt., Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Williamantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Bucksport Dist. Ep. League Convention, East Machias Camp-ground,	Aug. 24-25
Ithiel Falls, Johnson, Vt.,	Aug. 24-Sept. 3
Nobleboro Camp-meeting,	Aug. 26-Sept. 2
Laurel Park Camp-meeting,	Aug. 26-Sept. 3
East Machias Camp-meeting,	Aug. 27-31
Hedding Camp-meeting, Hedding, N. H.,	Aug. 27-Sept. 1
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 27-Sept. 3
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 3

### Marriages

LIBBY - PALMER - In Rumford Falls, Me., July 18, by Rev. G. J. Palmer, Edwin W. Libby, of Hartford, Me., and May Palmer, of Livermore, Me.

## Aggressive Evangelism

### A Word to Pastors

DEAR BROTHER: The earliest of the Fall Conferences are close at hand; others will follow until late in October; after the semi-annual conference of the Bishops, and the annual meetings of our benevolent societies, there will be still others in November and December.

Thus there is still ample opportunity during the current year to press the work of revival.

If the right means are employed, if all pastors will be diligent and faithful in seeking to win souls to Christ, to save the perishing, to bring into the fold those who are almost persuaded, many tens of thousands of such as are being saved may be added to the church before the next Christmas.

We earnestly and affectionately entreat every pastor to do his best to bring into the

blessed fellowship of the church of the living God his full share of the 150,000 net gain for 1906, for which we pray and hope.

In behalf of the Commission on Aggressive Evangelism,

W. F. MALLALIEU, Pres.  
J. P. BRUSHINGHAM, Sec.

## Contributions for San Francisco

### RECEIVED BY CHARLES R. MAGEE

Previously reported,	\$2,997.39
Harvard, Cambridge,	2.00
Oxford, Mass.,	5.00
Woburn, Mass.,	2.50
	\$3,006.89

**DEACONESS DAY AT OLD ORCHARD.** — Deaconess Day will be observed at Old Orchard Camp-ground, Aug. 2, afternoon and evening. Mrs. Wm. Boswell, of Philadelphia, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Thayer, of Springfield, Vt., Mrs. M. Libby Allen, of Des Moines, Iowa, Madam Barakat, of Philadelphia, Pa., Miss Edith Rankin, the new Conference deaconess, Mrs. H. Ida Benson, superintendent of the Deaconess Home, and Rev. B. C. Wentworth are expected to be present and speak. If pleasant, the meetings will be held in the Grove; if not, in the Tabernacle.

**FREEDMEN'S AID AND SOUTHERN EDUCATION SOCIETY.** — The General Committee of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society will meet in First Church, Rochester, N. Y., Monday, Nov. 12, at 9:30 a. m.

## THREE EXCURSION TRIPS

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Sept. 15-22. To Toronto and return, \$18.00, including Niagara Falls, St. Lawrence River, Thousand Islands, Montreal; side trips to Muskoka Lakes and Quebec — official route of Massachusetts Patriarchs Militant I. O. O. F. to Sovereign Grand Lodge session. "All expense" tours to suit any requirement.

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**SUPPLY** A member of a New England Conference, expecting to be in Boston during August, desires to do supply work during that month, either for one Sunday or more. "G. D." care of ZION'S HERALD.

## OBITUARIES

He died. . . . Alas! they said, what promise  
died  
With him — what youth, what eloquence, they  
sighed —  
They who had left him lonely days to live,  
Withholding then what now they fain would  
give.

But his rich grave, that to the living seemed  
So dark, had brimmed with starlight as he  
dreamed,  
And far away a muted bell, set free,  
Rang in immortal choirs his ecstasy.

— LOUISE MORGAN SILL, in "In Sun or  
Shade."

Cole. — Hannah Cole was born in Plainfield,  
N. H., Aug. 1, 1832, the youngest child in a fam-  
ily of ten children, all whom have gone before.

Jan. 1, 1850, she was united in marriage with  
Alonzo W. Putnam, who took his bride to  
the home in Haverhill, N. H., already pre-  
pared for her, where she spent all her days  
except three years. Her devotion to her hus-  
band and to her eight children — four boys  
and four girls — has left an impress on the  
hearts of those who survive her never to be  
erased. After thirty-one years of happy com-  
panionship her helpmate was taken from her.  
In July, 1892, the youngest son, Walter, was  
called home, followed by John, the second son,  
in March, 1893. The other children survive her.

Although her life had ever been one of use-  
fulness in the cause of Christ whom she loved  
so well, it was the spring of 1888 when she be-  
came a member of the Methodist Episcopal  
Church of Haverhill, of which she has been a  
faithful member ever since.

During the past three years of her life she has  
been called upon to suffer on account of pain-  
ful illness, yet was ever cheerful and content  
with her lot in life. On July 16, at noontide,  
the good Master called her from labor to the  
refreshing presence of His love. Truly it can  
be said of her she made life happy for all who  
knew her, and her children arise and call her  
blessed. She rests from her labors and her  
works do follow her.

On Wednesday, July 18, after fitting services  
by her pastor, assisted by a choir of old friends  
of the church, she was borne from the house  
by four grandsons.

W. P. WHITE.

Morgan. — Mrs. Carrie Belle Morgan passed  
into the life beyond, June 16, 1906 from her home  
in Norway, Me., after a long and severe illness.  
She was the daughter of the late Benjamin  
Trafton and Mrs. Julia Ann Trafton, of York,  
Me., where she was born, June 5, 1872.

Under the influence of godly parents she  
early experienced religion, and joined the Meth-  
odist Episcopal Church. At the age of fourteen  
she came to Norway to live with her sister,  
Mrs. I. P. Cobb, where she entered the Norway  
high school and graduated with honors. Dec.  
25, 1894, she was united in marriage with Mr.  
Arthur Morgan, of Norway, who early in life  
became a Christian and united with the Metho-  
dist Episcopal Church, and until the illness of  
Mrs. Morgan they were both very efficient in  
church work. Their home was delightful and  
truly Christian, and there seemed to be every  
promise of life and years of happiness, when  
suddenly that dread disease, consumption,  
seemed to threaten her; but with remarkable  
courage and Christian faith, that was unshaken  
to the last, she fought the foe bravely for over  
two years, after physicians and friends had lost  
all hope, until at last she said it was enough,  
and she desired to "depart and be with Christ  
which was far better." Through all her illness  
she displayed those Christian graces that are  
rarely seen with so much suffering. Her life  
was one continual sermon among her friends.  
She was happy with her faithful husband, who  
did everything, to the last, for her comfort and  
healing. Her kind and faithful Christian  
mother was with her the last few weeks of her  
life to her great delight.

Besides her husband and mother she leaves  
one brother, Mr. B. F. Trafton, of York, Me., and  
five sisters — Mrs. John Barrett, of South King

ston, N. H.; Mrs. A. H. Jennings and Mrs. Geo.  
E. Hutchings, both of Haverhill, Mass.; Mrs.  
A. H. Litchfield, of Dorchester, Mass.; and Mrs.  
I. P. Cobb, of Norway — and a large circle of  
friends who mourn their loss.

The funeral service was held at the Norway  
Methodist Episcopal Church on Monday after-  
noon, June 18, conducted by the writer, who  
spoke of her noble life, her true Christian char-  
acter, her last message and the good-by testimo-  
ny she gave only a few hours before she passed  
away saying that Jesus was precious, and how  
she united in singing the hymn, "Leaning on  
the everlasting arms," with the pastor. The  
many flowers and the large gathering of the  
church and friends showed the high esteem in  
which she was held; that although cut down  
early in life, her works will follow her. Inter-  
ment was in Pine Grove cemetery. For her to  
live was Christ, but to die her gain.

C. A. BROOKS.

Sawyer. — Mary B. Sawyer, daughter of David  
and Matilda Addison, was born in Dexter, Me.,  
Jan. 26, 1826, and died, June 17, 1906. Since the  
death of her husband in 1901, she has  
lived with her only son, C. M. Sawyer, cashier  
of the national bank at Dexter. She leaves one  
sister, Sarah J. Ham, of Lewiston, who is the  
last of a family of ten children.

Mrs. Sawyer was converted early in life, and  
identified herself with the Methodist Episcopal  
Church, of which she was a faithful member to  
the end. She was a faithful and devoted wife,  
an affectionate mother, an earnest Christian, a  
true woman, having the esteem of all who  
knew her, and the loving confidence of those  
who walked with her in Christian fellowship.  
Death had no terrors for her. As she was near-  
ing the other world she exclaimed to her pastor,  
"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."  
She died full of hope and triumphant in the  
faith for which she had been such a strong  
advocate for so many years.

The funeral service was held in her son's  
home, and conducted by her pastor, Rev. B. G.  
Seaboyer.

Brown. — Annie J. Brown was born in En-  
field, Mass., Dec. 22, 1890, and on June 20, 1906,  
left her earthly for her heavenly home, after  
an illness of only six days.

The early years of her life were passed under  
the influence and careful training of Chris-  
tian parents. It seemed as natural for  
her to love her Saviour and to live a  
life of prayer, faith, and trustfulness, as it  
was to breathe; and when the opportunity was  
presented to her of accepting Christ and unit-  
ing with the church, she embraced it immedi-  
ately, for she had never known the time when  
she was not conscious of being a child of God.  
On Dec. 5, 1904, when a little under fourteen  
years of age, she became a member of the  
Methodist Episcopal Church. She was a ready  
and willing worker, and in a kind, cheerful,  
and earnest manner sought every opportunity  
of opening usefulness. Our church is small,  
and it seems as though we could not spare a  
single one from our band of faithful workers,  
but we feel in this trying hour that we must  
say: "Thy will, not mine, be done." Although  
so young, yet she will be missed from her  
accustomed place in the choir, the Epworth  
League, the Sunday-school, and in all of the  
church services, for she was a faithful attend-  
ant, and had won a prize for six consecutive  
years for being present every Sabbath in the  
Sunday school. She was an only child, and  
her death has brought untold sorrow to her  
parents, but through it all the Lord has come  
nearer to them, and they feel that this affliction  
is a Divine call to live nearer to God, and to  
consecrate to Him all that they were expecting  
to use for the daughter's education and future  
happiness.

The funeral services were held in the church,  
which was completely filled with a large con-  
gregation of sympathetic friends. The Lord  
has gathered out of His earthly garden one of  
those flowers that seemed too pure and good  
and Christlike to be left any longer in the at-  
mosphere of this sinful world, and has trans-  
planted it in the richer soil and purer atmos-  
phere of the heavenly Paradise, upon the  
banks of the "river of life, clear as crystal,  
proceeding out of the throne of God and the  
Lamb." Truly may it be said of her: "Blessed  
are the dead which die in the Lord from hence-  
forth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest

from their labors; and their works do follow  
them." P. R. STRATTON.

Tobey. — Charles E. Tobey was born in Fair-  
field, Maine, Oct. 21, 1818, and died in Mount  
Holly, N. J., May 22, 1906.

This life had gone on for ninety-two and a  
half years, before the weary pilgrim halted on  
his staff and fell on sleep. A life of almost un-  
interrupted health, with faculties wonderfully  
preserved; an active life, retaining interest in  
the affairs of men, and mercifully vouchsafed a  
long and peaceful evening, after the day of toil  
and care had ended. Mr. Tobey had worked as  
a cabinet maker for years, and been sufficient-  
ly prospered to secure for himself a protracted  
period of leisure. But it was the rest of Chris-  
tian activity. His parents were godly people,  
and their careful training and good example  
prepared the way for his conversion, which  
occurred in 1839, under the labors of Rev.  
Joshua Nye. He promptly joined the Metho-  
dist Episcopal Church, and in course of time  
became a class-leader, which office he filled  
most successfully at Fairfield Centre for forty  
years, and at Waterville, to which place he  
removed in 1867, for twenty years. He was also,  
for some time, a local preacher, and command-  
ed interested attention whenever he spoke to  
the people. He had been a singer in his  
younger days, and led the church choir. Mr.  
Tobey enjoyed religion, as a confident and  
consistent believer should. He was the old-  
fashioned type of a Christian, loved the old  
ways, and looked with suspicion upon some  
modern methods in the churches. He stood  
for strict righteous living, and believed in the  
highest attainments of divine grace. He was a  
Methodist; he loved his church and rejoiced in  
her prosperity. But he was no bigot, no mere  
sectarian. He counted, perhaps, as many  
friends in another communion, with which he  
was providentially brought in close relation  
during his later years, as in his own denomina-  
tion. He was at home with God's people any-  
where. His last days, though full of suffering,  
were radiant with peace. He declared that his  
faith was strong, and the anchor of his soul  
held firmly. Just before he passed away he  
shouted, "Hallelujah!"

Of his two brothers and five sisters, only one  
sister, Mrs. H. H. Campbell, of Waterville, Me.,  
survives him. His wife (Louisa E. Lawrence),  
whom he married in 1838, died many years ago,  
and of their five children, a daughter — wife of  
Rev. H. H. Baker, pastor of the Baptist Church  
at Mt. Holly, N. J. — alone is living. With this  
daughter he made his home, after his own was  
broken up, paying annually a visit to his  
native State.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev.  
Charles W. Bradlee, in the Pleasant Street  
Methodist Episcopal Church, Waterville, Me.,  
May 27, and his venerable form was laid to rest  
in the beautiful city cemetery. C. W. B.

Fletcher. — Mrs. Margaret M. Fletcher, widow  
of Rev. Ephraim S. Fletcher, of New England  
Southern Conference, was born in Penn Yan  
N. Y., July 13, 1829, and died in Plymouth, Mass.,  
June 17, 1906.

Her parents were Presbyterians, and from  
them she inherited a strong and unwavering  
faith in the Bible. She could not fix the date of  
her conversion, but was a Christian from her  
early childhood.

Oct. 24, 1848, she was united in marriage with  
Ephraim S. Fletcher, then engaged in the wheel  
wright business in Barth, N. Y. A few years  
later they removed to North Bridgewater (now  
Brookton), and united with the Methodist Episc-  
opal Church, engaging in the work of the  
church with great faithfulness. When, at the  
age of forty, her husband felt the mighty call  
of God upon him to preach the Gospel, she  
cheerfully entered with him into the work of  
the Methodist itinerancy, and shared with him  
its trials and its triumphs. A large part of  
their itinerant life was spent on New Bedford

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In 1889 she and her husband, who was then a supernumerary, removed to the home of their son Albert, in Plymouth, Mass. Here, after the death of her son's wife, she became a mother to the children, and assumed the place of a caretaker in the home. Her devotion to the church was unabated. She was an inspiration and aid to her pastors, always appreciating their best efforts in preaching and aiding them in their work.

She began to fail in health a year or more before her death, but was encouraged to hope for recovery. She had always desired a painless death without lingering sickness. Her desire was granted, and on Sunday evening, June 17, as the church bells were calling the people to worship, her peaceful spirit passed to be with God. "And so He giveth His beloved sleep."

E. T.

Davenport — Nathaniel Merriam Davenport was born in East Bridgewater, Mass., Jan. 24, 1886, and died in Jefferson, N. H., June 28, 1906.

He was one of fourteen children, seven of whom survive him. On Aug. 30, 1867, he married Miss Mary J. Holmes, who preceded him to the better world on Nov. 2, 1904. One son, William F., blessed this happy union.

Mr. Davenport was one of the first to respond to the call of his country, and enlisted and served faithfully until the close of the war. The G. A. R. and the Knights Templars were organizations dear to his heart, standing next to his church in their claim upon his love and loyalty.

He was converted when quite young, and united with the Congregational Church in East Bridgewater on July 4, 1868. On his removal to Jefferson he cast in his lot with the Methodists, and for nearly thirty years he has been one of the most faithful and devoted supporters of that church, serving for many years as steward, collector, Sunday-school superintendent, or teacher, and as leader of the choir. He loved his church devotedly. Seldom was he absent from any of its service until disabled by his last lingering illness. He was very liberal in his support of the church and its various benevolences. Especially was he interested in the deaconess work of the church, and almost from the beginning of the work in New England his beautiful home, Hillside Farm, has been open and free as its mountain air for deaconesses to come for rest and recuperation when in need. Many have enjoyed his hospitality, and will never forget his unflinching sympathy and kindness. His pastors always found a cordial welcome in his home, and a most loyal friend and supporter in him.

In May, 1904, Mr. Davenport suffered a shock of paralysis which partially disabled him. An other attack a few months later left him a helpless sufferer, and for the last seven months he has been unable to leave his bed. His brother James, who has been his devoted nurse all through his long illness, his son and daughter-in-law, and his granddaughter Hazel, have done all that loving care could do to make him comfortable, but his treasure and his heart were in heaven, and he often expressed to his pastor, who visited him each week, his longing to go home. His Christian faith grew stronger as his body weakened. During the last week of his life he was unconscious, except for a brief time on Monday, when he revived and asked for the deaconess who was stopping in the home, and requested her to pray with him. His "amen" at the close of the prayer was distinct and fervent. Observing that he raised his eyes to the portrait of his wife which hung opposite, the deaconess said, "She is waiting at the gate for you." He smiled and exclaimed, "All ready, all ready." He soon relapsed into unconsciousness, but lingered until the morning of Thursday, June 28, when his spirit passed peacefully from earth to heaven. His memory will be cherished by a wide circle of friends. Truly, he was "all ready" for his was a life that would bear the white light of the judgment.

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peacefully from earth to heaven. His memory will be cherished by a wide circle of friends. Truly, he was "all ready" for his was a life that would bear the white light of the judgment.

His funeral took place at his home on Saturday, and was in charge of his pastor, Rev. C. E. Clough. Impressive services were conducted by the Blue Lodge of Lancaster, of which he was a member. His remains were laid beside his wife in Starr King Cemetery.

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## Kingdoms of Nature and of Grace

Continued from page 989

social gatherings. There are no flies, no mosquitoes, no pests of any kind. The table is unusually excellent, one of the very best that we were ever privileged to enjoy. But what makes this hotel especially delightful to the writer is the peculiar spirit which dwells in it. What is known as the "Northfield spirit" pervades it. Here the kingdom of God has come upon a small segment of this earth. Its restraining and uplifting influence is felt by all. It is the real kingdom because of the expression of absolute Christian freedom, the freedom for which Paul vainly strove as against the Judaizer who everywhere dogged his steps and insisted upon a rigid uniformity in religious beliefs, methods, and manner of life. Denominational preferences are forgotten, and no reference whatever is made to them. All are happily one in Christ Jesus. There are no rules, no regulations, no show of authority. The entire machinery of the hotel is so lubricated by grace that no sound is heard in its revolutions. There are no disagreeable sights or sounds. While the managers, Ambert G. Moody, nephew of Dwight L. Moody, and H. S. Stone, down through the large corps of helpers, are there to do the bidding of the guests, it is done with a kind alacrity that gladdens while it serves. The Northfield is, therefore, the best object lesson we have ever seen of the kingdom of God really brought down to earth in practical manifestation. Every morning at 9 o'clock there is a season of devotion in the parlors, led by some guest, usually a minister, which those who so desire may attend. After breakfast the young men and women who serve in the hotel gather in the dining-room for their daily devotions. But with this deep and genuine religious spirit there is no display of religious egotism, pharisaism or wearing of phylacteries. During the Conferences there are addresses and Bible study and sermons every day and evening, but no one brings the slightest pressure to bear upon another to attend any of the meetings, or presumes to ask why they did not attend. Those who go to Northfield are taught a splendid but very necessary lesson as to what Christian freedom means.

Northfield is a new earth because a new heaven has been brought down to it. It is worth going there to get into communion again with that great, simple hearted man, wholly possessed by Christ, the remarkable evangelist, Christian executive, and founder, Dwight L. Moody. His greatest and most enduring work is the two schools which he founded — Mt. Hermon for boys, and Northfield Seminary for girls. Here Christian men and women by the hundreds are fashioned each year and sent out to evangelize and sweeten the world. The head waiter at the hotel is a Mt. Hermon boy, who goes to the theological seminary this fall to further fit himself for his life-work, and he is only one of many.

The summer conferences which Mr. Moody inaugurated are world-wide in their influence. The presence in Northfield during August and September of the famous English speakers, Dr. Johnston-Ross of Cambridge, Dr. J. A. Hutton of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and G. Campbell Morgan of London, and the fact that R. A. Torrey of Chi-

cago will be one of the leaders in the sub-conference on "Pastoral Evangelism," promises an unusually large attendance.

We deeply regret that more of our ministers and laymen do not go to Northfield. Here are privileges of Biblical instruction, edification and inspiration unequalled certainly in New England. With excursion rates on the railroads, and the special accommodations in tents and boarding-houses, and the reasonable rates at The Northfield, the expense can be made very moderate. Many of our ministers, as well as those of other denominations, would find it a mount of transfiguration in which, "seeing Jesus only," they would be unspeakably profited.

Before leaving Northfield, make a devout pilgrimage, in some quiet hour, to Round Top, where rests the dust of Moody. Make it a closet hour, "shut to the door" against all comers, and commune with the spirit of the evangelist and with his God. Then rise from bended knees and go back to your work, which you will seize with new purpose, hope and passion.

## Through the Berkshires by Trolley

Two days were spent amid the unrivaled Berkshires. Though we shall not attempt a description, we earnestly urge our readers to visit that lovely region, especially now that it can be so cheaply and comfortably reached by trolley. From Great Barrington in the south to Williamstown at the extreme northerly end the shining rails are laid, and over them run palatial cars in charge of courteous employees, and operated on a schedule giving frequent and satisfactory service. The lines of the Berkshire Street Railway Company touch Great Barrington, Housatonic, Glendale, Stockbridge, South Lee, Lee, Lenox Dale, Lenox, New Lenox, Pittsfield, Berkshire, Cheeshire, Maple Grove, Adams, North Adams, and Williamstown, and are now being extended to Bennington, Vt., where connection will be made with the lines running to Troy, N. Y. The Pittsfield Street Railway Company reaches West Pittsfield and the various suburbs of the city lying in that direction; Lanesboro, passing Pontoonac Lake en route; and Cheeshire, where connection is made with Hoosac Valley branch of the Berkshire Company for Adams, North Adams, and Williamstown. Its eastern branch extends to the towns of Dalton and Hinsdale. Both companies centre in Pittsfield, the lines all touching at the Park almost directly in the centre of the city.

The Boston & Albany Railroad provides splendid service to Pittsfield, the best starting-point into the Berkshires. Stockbridge made the deepest impression upon us. The village of Stockbridge was originally chartered in 1737. Cradled between the hills, enriched by many costly villas and picturesque cottages, this world renowned model village lies stretched for a mile along a level surface, formed by a singular embankment of the Housatonic River, which moves in exquisite curves and is bordered by its richest meadows. The first white settlers were missionaries to the Indians, the first duly accredited one being John Sargeant. A handsome tower, surmounted by a chime of bells, a gift to the town by Hon. David Dudley Field in 1878, marks the site of the meeting-house where Sargeant first preached the Gospel to his parti colored people. Jonathan Edwards, the noted divine, was installed in 1751, and during his residence in Stockbridge wrote the famous "Treatise on the Freedom of the Will." A Scotch granite monument was erected to his memory by his descendants, shortly after their reunion, which was held at Stockbridge in 1870. From its earliest history until now, Stockbridge has been the home of many noted families, and

the birthplace of many celebrated men. The list is a large one, and includes Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins, Cyrus W. Field, Hon. David Dudley Field, as well as the Dwights, the Winthrops, and the Sedgwicks. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote "The House of Seven Gables" and "The Scarlet Letter" in the little red house down on the shore of the Lake Mahkeenac, the famous "Stockbridge Bowl." Here is the Red Lion Inn, so famous for its antique furniture, rare bric-a-brac, and colonial china.

Lenox is the summer home of wealth to an extravagant if not vulgar degree. But nature seems not to mind the silly display, and its magnificent elms are not less noble and beautiful. These very trees were an inspiration to Henry Ward Beecher, and he never ceased to refer to them. Lenox was always a favorite resting-place with people who thought and who did things. Fanny Kemble lived here during the twenty years preceding 1870, and her home was a rendezvous for literary celebrities. James Russell Lowell was well known here, and Charlotte Cushman was educated in Mrs. Sedgwick's celebrated school. The old registers of Curtis' Hotel are a treasury of autographic signatures of famous people who have stopped here within fifty years or more. The new palatial and luxurious Hotel Aspinwall is here, crowning a knoll 1,460 feet above the sea level.

But who shall tell of Lee, with its charming Laurel Lake; of Williamstown, with its wide, elm-shaded streets lined with the splendid buildings of Williams College or Graylock and the Haystack Monument erected on the spot where the American Board of Foreign Missions was founded; of Great Barrington, where William Cullen Bryant was town clerk for ten years from 1815. The writer will not undertake it, but rather exhorts his readers to go and see for themselves.

## "Productive Legislation"

IN his ukase dissolving the Lower House of Parliament the Czar of Russia condemned the Douma for its failure to effect "productive legislation." It looks as though it was because the legislation attempted by the Douma in its short career tended to be rather too productive that the Czar put a quietus on its deliberations. It is hard to say just what "productive legislation" the bureaucrats in Russia have ever originated, unless it were half-way measures of reform wrung from them under compulsion. Nevertheless the phrase is a good one. It sounds well, and represents an ideal which legislators should ever keep before them. Legislation of the right sort produces substantial results, and is constructive of the higher life and fortunes of the whole nation. There is much legislation on foot that is in the interest of one class alone, or that is radically destructive of popular liberty, or that defeats the end of justice. What is needed is the approval not of special and selfish measures and policies, but of broad and generous bills and acts which are statesmanlike and equitable, morally productive while in the highest sense politically politic. There is a loftier utilitarianism which all legislation may properly be required to subserve. We thank the Czar for his phrase, "productive legislation," to which he does not himself live up, and we commend it to our legislators, whether members of State bodies or of Congress.

— The foreign trade of the United States in the last fiscal year came within less than \$30,000,000 of the \$3,000,000,000 mark. If shipments to Porto Rico and Hawaii were included, they would bring the total amount well beyond \$3,000,000,000.

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